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THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: OFFICERS' MESS, CAMP AT AKHUND BABA, 9100 FEET HIGH, IN A SNOWSTORM.
SKETCH BY LIEUT. WALTER C. BLAIR, 24TH PUNJAB INFANTRY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The popularity of particular books is a subject that "no fellow can understand" by the ordinary processes of reasoning. The logical mind, in fact, is not adapted for the solution of the question, which appeals to one of a much more common type, and, indeed, the commoner the better. I have always maintained that the marvellous success of Mr. Tupper's poems was because they express ideas which are entertained by persons of the most ordinary kind (and, therefore, the most numerous), but expressed much better than they could express them. For the first time in their lives they found that they understood poetry, and the revelation formed half the pleasure they found in it. The same thing occurs with all who master a foreign language, especially a dead one: they do not find one half the beauties in it they assert they do, but they are enraptured at finding any meaning in it at all. The "Proverbial Philosophy" teaches philosophy and poetry at once to those who have known nothing of either; and its verses are "to the purpose—easy things to understand." This latter attribute is essential to great popularity. Mr. Browning may be the greatest of poets, and Mr. Meredith the greatest of novelists; but popularity—in its widest sense—they will never achieve. Its simplicity of diction is one of the charms of the most popular book in the world, though "it never drew a smile or a tear"—"Robinson Crusoe"; it is true it has Genius added, but that is not the cause of its popularity, which is to be found rather in its dramatic interest, and especially in the fact that it describes a situation in which any one of us may be placed and driven to the same shifts. Indeed, the popularity of "Robinson Crusoe" may be thus explained; while that of very inferior books almost equally sought after is inscrutable.

Messrs. Routledge have lately told us, through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that "Valentine Vox" and "Handy Andy" are the most popular of all the novels they produce. During the last thirty-five years they have sold 394,000 copies of the former and 237,000 of the latter. From a literary point of view (though the less attractive one is better written than the other) they have little or no merit. For myself, indeed, "Handy Andy" had no attraction at all. I never could get through it; but "Valentine Vox" is full of adventure. I have not read it for these forty years; but it has one scene, where the soles of a gentleman's feet, unjustly confined in a private madhouse, are tickled to make him mad, ready for the Government inspector, which will never leave my memory. It was before the days of "sensation" stories; but the incident may certainly lay claim to that title. The rest of the novel, as I remember it, is dullish, and I fancy it is this pinch of sensational salt which preserves it from decay; it has also, however, a great deal of a low class of humour—practical jokes, which no doubt appeal to the taste of boys. Another novel, "Sylvester Sound the Somnambulist," on the same lines and by the same author (Cockton), had no such vogue. "Called Back," a much better book than "Valentine Vox," still, no doubt owed its marvellous run to its sensational character. I should, indeed, be induced to put "sensation" first, as the element of popular attraction, and next, adventure and incident. Of Poe's tales, well known as they have been for so long, no less than 29,000 copies were sold last year (the vast public that consumes him know comparatively little of Lefanu, a far greater master of the weird, but one whose style is probably too subtle for them). "Ivanhoe," as one would take for granted, seems to be the most attractive of Scott's works. But the wonder of gigantic circulation arises when one comes to the dull books. Everyone can understand the popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but who can account for that of "The Wide, Wide World" and its congeners? They may be full of merit; people who ought to know tell me they are; but what attraction do they possess that draws a whole world of readers into their orbit, and leaves Scott (for example), by comparison, discoursing to a little crowd?

The lectures at the "Kissing School" recently established in Philadelphia are no doubt entertaining, but their attraction will probably depend upon the models that are engaged to be experimented upon. These are not, I presume, lay figures. One can hardly, as promised by the Professor, "derive an ethereal pleasure" from kissing "lightly and deliberately" one of those dreadful skeletons with gowns on that you see in the windows of art-shops. You can't "put your right hand to her left cheek" (for she has no cheek worth speaking of), "draw her face slowly forward to you, look her straight in the eyes" (they are mere sockets), "bend your head down," and perform the operation. Kissing, it is true, goes by favour; but not to this extent. It would be easy "not to pucker up your lips, but allow them to remain in a state of natural repose," in the presence of so unattractive an object. Of course "she will be bashful," and (if you move the proper hinge) "turn her head away"; but who cares what she does, or doesn't? And yet, in all the interviewer has to tell us about the new Professor and his most interesting course of lectures, there is not a word about the person who "lends herself" (or, as is more likely, hired) "to illustration." It would be foolish indeed for any student to go to Philadelphia with the object of improving himself in this charming art, without having this preliminary matter—of the model—distinctly understood.

It is easy enough to be humorous on subjects that lend themselves to humour, but to evoke amusement where the matter is dull requires the hand of a master. Mathematics, for example, is a science that can hardly be said to be as full of fun as it is of figures; yet even mathematics has been the cause of merriment. When I was at Cambridge I knew a lecturer—he has long "joined the majority": not that he is dead; quite the contrary, he accepted a living, which is what the majority of Fellows of Colleges do—who was a humourist. He persuaded the College to buy him models of "the wheel and

axle" to show us how they worked, and the ratios of speed which they had to one another. None of them ever acted as he and his favourite pupil (who assisted him in these experiments) assured us they would; which was much better for us all. To watch, as the poet of the lecture-room expressed it—

Hobson and pup
Coaxing a pulley that wouldn't pull up,

was worth any amount of scientific successes. To hear Hobson say, "The principle, however, remains the same," after each tremendous failure, was charming indeed, and we all enjoyed it immensely. It was his theory that statics (or whatever they were; I don't know) were full of pathos, if only properly dwelt upon by the human voice; and the following was his favourite instance—"But if A B is in the same straight line with C D, B C vanishes, the weight is supported by the immovable fulcrum C and the body is at rest." At the last words his voice would sink and break most touchingly. He was not a poet, though "he lisped in numbers" (for he was a born mathematician), but the performance drew tears from eyes little accustomed to the melting mood.

This was a *tour de force* (statics you know) of course, and, after all, what are even the highest mathematics in the way of dryness—though high and dry is a proverb—compared with the aridity of the Law? Yet how brightly has wit shone upon it! Who has not read Mr. Justice Hayes's "Written in the Temple Gardens," after the manner of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," has missed a treat indeed:—

The grave attorney, knocking frequently,
The tittering clerk who hastens to the door,
The bulky brief and corresponding fee,
Are things unknown to all that lofty floor.

Mr. Frederick Pollock's "Leading Cases done into English" are a delight to all who can understand them; but as Shelley was the poet for the poets, so is Mr. Pollock a legal wit for lawyers; he is caviare (though very good) "to the general." Mr. Edmund Christian, in his recent "Lays of a Limb of the Law," has given us, on the other hand, such leading cases in verse as must tickle everybody's heartstrings. Take *Cumber v. Wane* for example, not because it is the best, but (what should make it dear to lawyers) the briefest. Like all the rest it has its proper reference; though Heaven knows to what. It is a roundel (think of a roundel on a law case!):—

(Sm. L. C., 366. Temp., 1719.)
Who pays a part in lieu of all
Knows not the mystic legal art
For on him for the rest they'll fall
Who pays a part.
Once Wane had touched his Cumber's heart,
"Give me a third your debt: I'll call
It settled," said he, in the mart;
Yet sued and gained the rest. The Hall
Rang loud with plaints: "Ah, well-ah! dart!
He pays the rest with rising gall
Who pays a part."

The good things are so many that I can only make "references" to them myself. See page 40, Cutter and Powell; page 84, the great Brighton bug case and the "Sonnets on the Mortgagees" (which has a flavour of Mrs. Browning in the title). Under "Legal Maxims," too, see "The Song of the Tyrannical Landlord," which Home Rule papers please copy. Our author is humorous even over the State trials—

Of General Warrants, dark and direful springs
Of deeds unconstitutional, he sings,

and of all sorts of most unlikely things to move men's minds to mirth; but yet he does it. It is a capital book.

A writer in a scientific periodical has lately given us some curious notes on suicide. He asserts that persons wishing to destroy themselves "prefer to use the means with which they are most familiar"—soldiers, for instance, resorting to firearms, and doctors to narcotics. This sounds probable enough; but it places other professions at a disadvantage. A clergyman cannot end his days by throwing himself out of the pulpit (because of the people below), and we know that his "white choker" is only a figure of speech. A lawyer is much too wise to precipitate matters. A literary man can, indeed, as has been cruelly said of him, "attempt his own life"; but the essay is seldom successful, and paper and print, though dangerous, are not deadly weapons. What seems very strange there is nothing so provocative of imitation as any out-of-the-way method of putting an end to our mortal coil. When the Sultan of Turkey killed himself by opening a vein (which, as a matter of fact, was obligingly opened for him) a good many people adopted the same means of exit. Scores of persons have thrown themselves off Clifton Bridge, as sheep follow sheep; but not one has tried the Menai Bridge, though it offers precisely the same advantages. We laugh at the follies of fashion, but it has influence over the last act of our lives. As regards the methods of leaving the world, it is singular that the writer above referred to has made no mention of machinists. Whenever they have decided to make an end of themselves they almost always do so in a scientific fashion. The most curious example I remember was the plan adopted by a carpenter, some years ago, in Bouverie-street. He lived in an underground room, in which was a cupboard, between which and his bedstead he placed a bench. To the post of the bed's-head he fixed a heavy axe, the handle working freely on a screw. He inserted in the cupboard door a double-action pulley, to enable a rope holding up a stone weighing ninety pounds to pass through it. He then lay down on the bench, placed the axe in position, and cutting the rope which held the weight with a razor, thus circuitously accomplished his object. He perished, in fact, by the guillotine, though he was probably unaware of it.

Among the small trials of life that have in their time taxed a heavenly temper I count the woman who at a railway ticket office, when there is not a moment to lose, can't find her purse, or enters into conversation with the clerk respecting her change of trains. If conscious of her clumsiness or her ignorance why does she not come a quarter of an hour earlier, and clear the way? What is to be said of a father who encourages these habits in his female offspring and even worse? There was a parent the other day—he had been prosecuted six

times himself for not producing his railway ticket when requested—who upon being asked by his daughter whether she should follow his example for the seventh time, replied "Do as you like, my child;" whereupon she produced it not. Imagine a whole train full of passengers being kept waiting by this marvellous pair! I have never before known a woman act in this way—though the sex are devoted to delay—but a man often. It is an idiosyncrasy (a word I sometimes think derived from "idiots" and "crazy") of some males, generally of wealth and position: they think it fine not to submit to ordinary rules like ordinary people. Years ago there was a person on the South-Western line who would never give up his ticket; "You are aware who I am," he would say to the unfortunate official (who very often wasn't), "and that is sufficient." He had generally his son with him, who used to say, "It is no use, Collector; I know my dad so well, and he won't do it." And his diagnosis was quite correct. A gentleman of sporting appearance was a Director upon a certain railway, and, of course, did not pay his fare. He only used to murmur, "Director," and the man, who knew him very well, used to touch his cap. On one suburban race-day—let us say Hampton—the order of the trains was changed, and with it the collector; in the meantime the Director had become Chairman of the company, and on being asked for his ticket, murmured "Chairman." "No, no! that *won't* do, my man; you're a-going a little too far," was the official's playful rejoinder. "You've got 'Appy 'Ampton written upon your countenance." The Chairman, who was a capital fellow and used to tell the story with great gusto, instead of being angry with the man, as a fool would have been, "very much applauded what he'd done," in refusing to take a stranger's word for so tremendous a statement, and recommended him for promotion instead of dismissal.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

An official correspondence has been published by the Indian Government and the Secretary of State for India concerning the recent expedition against certain tribes inhabiting the Black Mountain, on the border of the Hazara district, north of the Punjab. It shows that ever since the British occupation of the Punjab the tribes on this part of the frontier have given serious trouble, and the effect of the Black Mountain Expedition of 1868 and of fines and blockades has been only transitory. The district concerned is a triangle bounded on the north by the high mountains of Kohistan, on the west by the River Indus, and on the east by the British frontier. Within this area are three principal tribes of Afghan origin, the Hassanzai, Akazai, and Chigarzai, which number respectively about 2000, 700, and 3000 fighting men. During the last few years, offences have been committed by the Akazais, the Hassanzais, the Parari Synds, who have some Chigarzai dependents living among them, and the Allaiwals; raids were made into British territory, and British subjects murdered. The attitude of the Hassanzai tribe became refractory, and the Punjab Government recommended active measures. The mild expedient of a blockade was first tried; but on June 18, a party of British troops were attacked by the tribes within the British frontier, and two English officers and four Ghoorika soldiers killed. The tribes concerned, on being asked for an explanation of this attack, gave defiant or unsatisfactory replies, and the Punjab Government urged the sending of a military expedition to the Black Mountain. After careful inquiries the Indian Government were reluctantly forced to the conclusion that to ensure the peace and order of the frontier this measure was just and necessary. The operations of the Hazara Field-Force, commanded in chief by General M'Queen, and divided into four columns, advancing by different routes northward through the Black Mountain country in the month of October, have been sufficiently described and illustrated. We now present a Sketch by Lieutenant Walter C. Blair, of the 24th Punjab Infantry, which formed part of the third column; this regiment, on Oct. 6, having advanced from the Oghi Fort two days before, encamped on the mountain at Akhund Baba-ka-Chura, at an elevation of 9100 ft., in a situation exposed to severe weather; and our correspondent's Sketch shows the discomforts of the officers' mess during a violent snowstorm.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE-SHOW.

The ninety-first annual show of the Smithfield Club was opened on Dec. 10 at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and continued till the 14th. The total exhibits are 320 head of cattle, 197 sheep, and 86 pigs, being an increase in each item, and a total increase of 63 over the number in 1887. During the day the Prince of Wales visited the Show. His Royal Highness remained for about an hour, and was much interested in Lord Tankerville's curious cross-bred steer.

Among the exhibitors of live stock were the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Marquis of Bristol, and the Marquis of Bute. The Queen is represented by thirteen entries in the cattle classes—namely, six Devons, three Herefords, and four short-horns; and the judges have awarded to her Majesty two first prizes, five second prizes, and three third prizes. The Prince of Wales is represented by one animal each in the Devon and shorthorn classes, and his Royal Highness secures a fourth prize in the former class and the commendation in the latter.

Nineteen counties were represented at the annual meeting of the County Cricket Council held at Lord's on Dec. 10, Lord Harris presiding. The subject of residential qualification was discussed, but only one slight alteration in the rules was carried. Lord Harris was re-elected chairman.

The Public Libraries Act having been adopted by the urban authority at Sittingbourne, who have had a library of valuable books, numbering about 4000 volumes, presented to them, a free library and reading-room was on Dec. 10 opened to the public. The library is situated in the centre of the town, and the ratepayers of the adjoining town of Milton have been invited to participate in its benefits.

The University delegates propose to arrange a second meeting of University extension and other students in Oxford next summer. The objects of the meeting are to stimulate and direct systematic home-study by means of short courses of lectures; to supplement University extension teaching by a brief period of residence and study in Oxford; and to afford opportunities for conference between teachers and others interested in education on the best means of developing University extension and other educational work. The first part of the meeting will begin on Tuesday, July 30, and will end on Friday evening, Aug. 9; and the second part of the meeting will begin on Aug. 12 and end on Aug. 30.



1. The Hair-Dressers at Work.

2. Inspecting the Coiffures.

3. Powdering.

4. A Louis XV. Dressing.

EXHIBITION OF HAIR-DRESSING
AT THE
PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

5. Marie Antoinette Style.

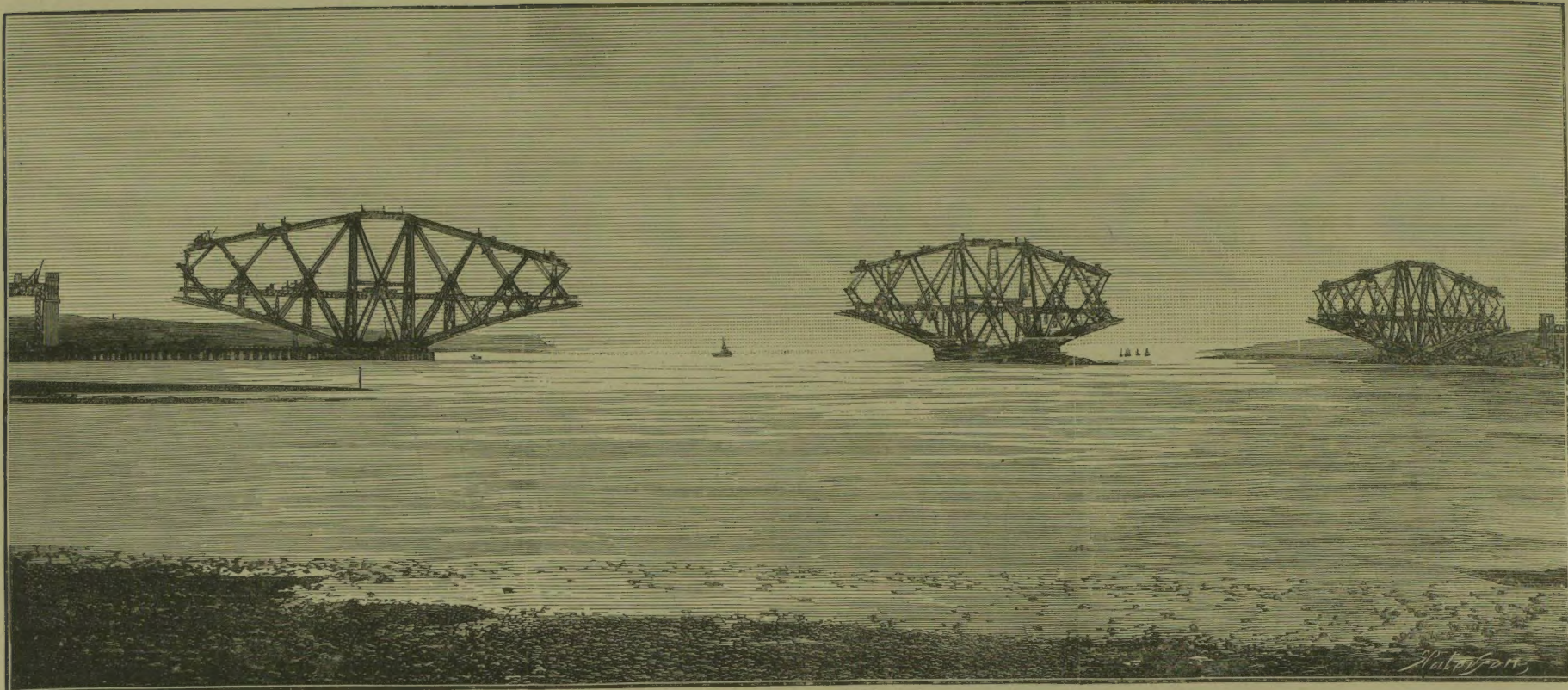
6. A Scotch Hair-Dressing.

7. The Gainsborough Hat.

The elegant art of hair-dressing, like all other arts, must in this age come forward with its exhibitions of competitive practice. More than one such performance in London has of late years claimed public notice; and London-super-Mare had its turn a few days ago. In the Pavilion, the Palace once of Georgian celebrity, no longer the Brighton abode of Royalty, but the resort of various kinds of popular entertainment, an Exhibition of "historical, powdered, and fancy coiffures" was opened on Monday, Dec. 3, in aid of the funds of certain benevolent institutions for relieving distressed members of a respectable and useful trade. Mr. Truefitt, of Bond-street, London, was one of its chief promoters; and Mr. W. Hopgood,

of Brighton, took an active part in the local arrangements. Any student of the history of costume and cosmetics, which is an instructive branch of human and social and national history in general, might have gained some additional knowledge by visiting the rooms. The afternoon promenade, with much that was curious, ingenious, and beautiful to admire, was enlivened by a concert of music from Gates's orchestra, and was attended by many ladies and gentlemen of fashion. In the evening, twenty of the most skilful artists in hair-dressing, convened from different cities and towns of the United Kingdom, made a practical demonstration of their faculty on the heads of proud and happy female victims,

in full view of an assembly of spectators, whose taste and experience well enabled them to judge of the merits of the work. It ought to be esteemed one of the finest of the fine arts; for its material—though, as Dean Swift wrote on the packet containing Stella's remaining tress, it is "only a woman's hair"—may in some cases be infinitely more precious than silken or golden threads. And what picture or sculpture was ever so worthy to be cherished as a pretty human head? We cannot reveal the names of the fair subjects of this adornment; nor would it, perhaps, be fair to the profession that those of the prize-winners should be set forth here in a published list.



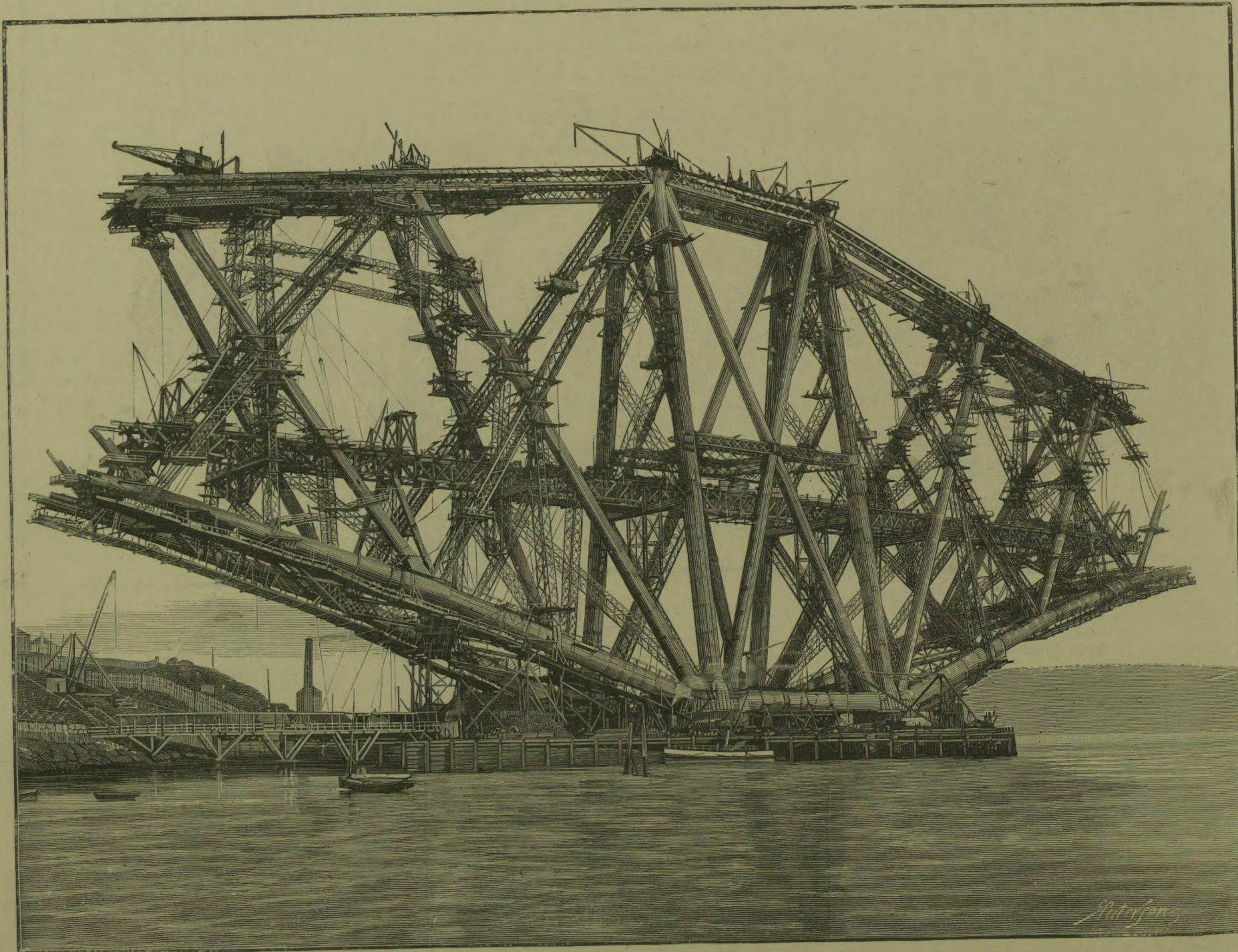
VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM THE EAST.

The construction of the great railway bridge to cross the Firth of Forth, at Queensferry, just beyond Dalmeny Park, where the opposite shores of Fifeshire and Linlithgowshire nearly approach each other, with the rocky islet of Inchgarvie between them, is one of the grandest works of modern engineering. It was designed, for the North British Railway Company, by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker, has been four or five years in actual progress, and will be completed in the autumn of next year. The width of the estuary in this part is reduced by the peninsula of North Queensferry to a mile and a half; and on the south shore, the water shoals rapidly, with a bed of boulder clay and a very deep stratum of mud; but

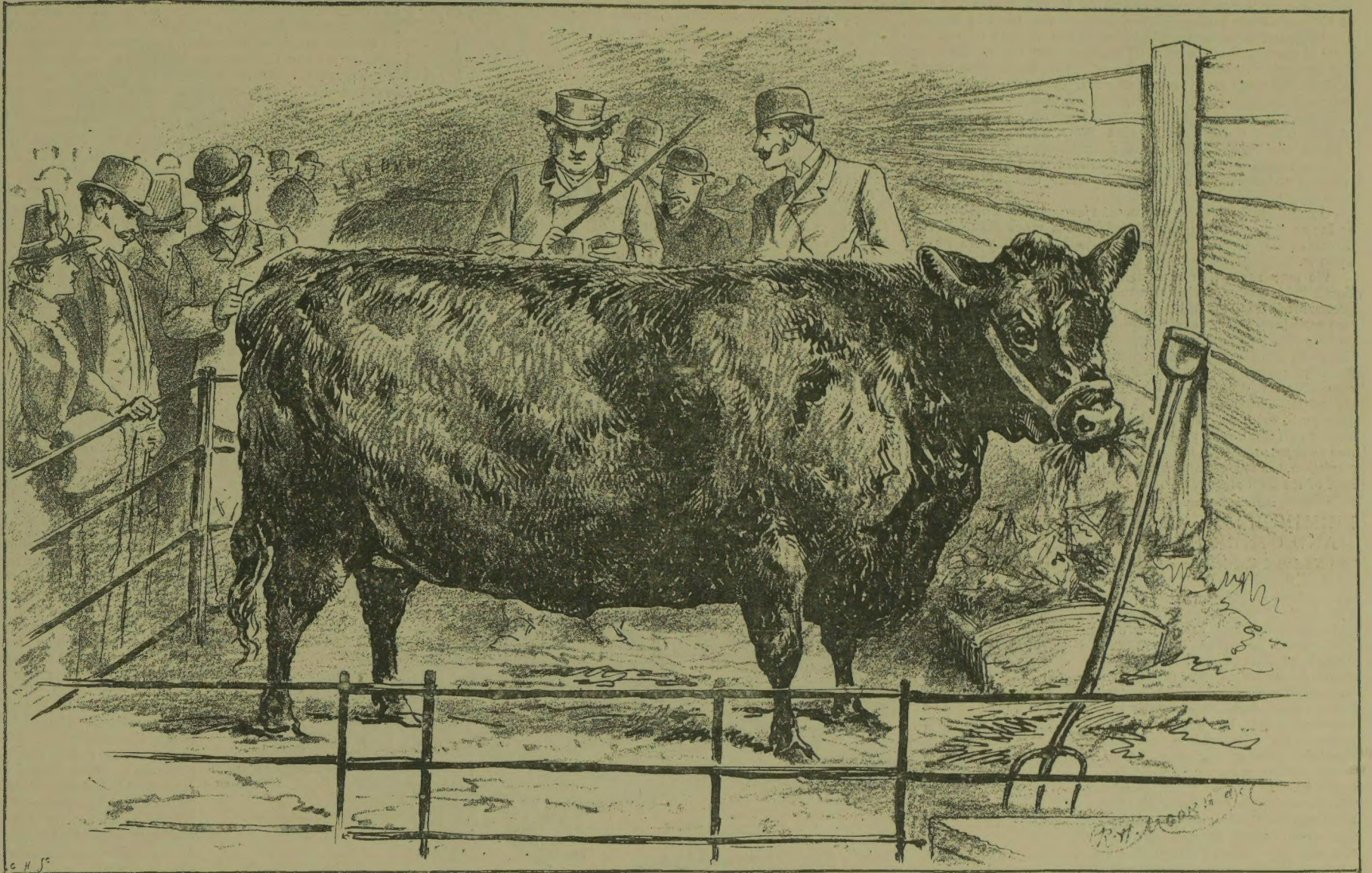
the Fife shore is an almost perpendicular cliff, and the intervening islet is a rock in the centre of the deep channel, with 200 ft. depth of water on each side, and with a strong tide-current sweeping up and down on each side. It was impossible to erect piers anywhere but on this islet; hence the bridge must rest on three main piers, one at South Queensferry, one at Inchgarvie, and one on the Fife shore, besides two supplementary piers which serve to relieve the balance arms of the "cantilever" girders, and to connect the bridge with a long approach viaduct.

A cantilever is a girder supported only at one point, its overhanging extended part being balanced by its weight at

the other end: this engineering device is the most novel feature of the Forth Bridge. The main spans of the bridge are to be upheld over the deep-water channels by the projecting ends of cantilever girders, with connecting central girders over about one-sixth of the span. Each cantilever girder is a complex structure framed of four vertical columns, standing not parallel, but from a wide base narrowing to the top; two bottom members, formed of horizontal tubes arranged in an upward curve of 680 ft. span; two top members, consisting of box-lattice girders arranged horizontally on vertical columns; twenty-eight struts, holding the top and the bottom together; and twenty-four ties, crossing and binding the

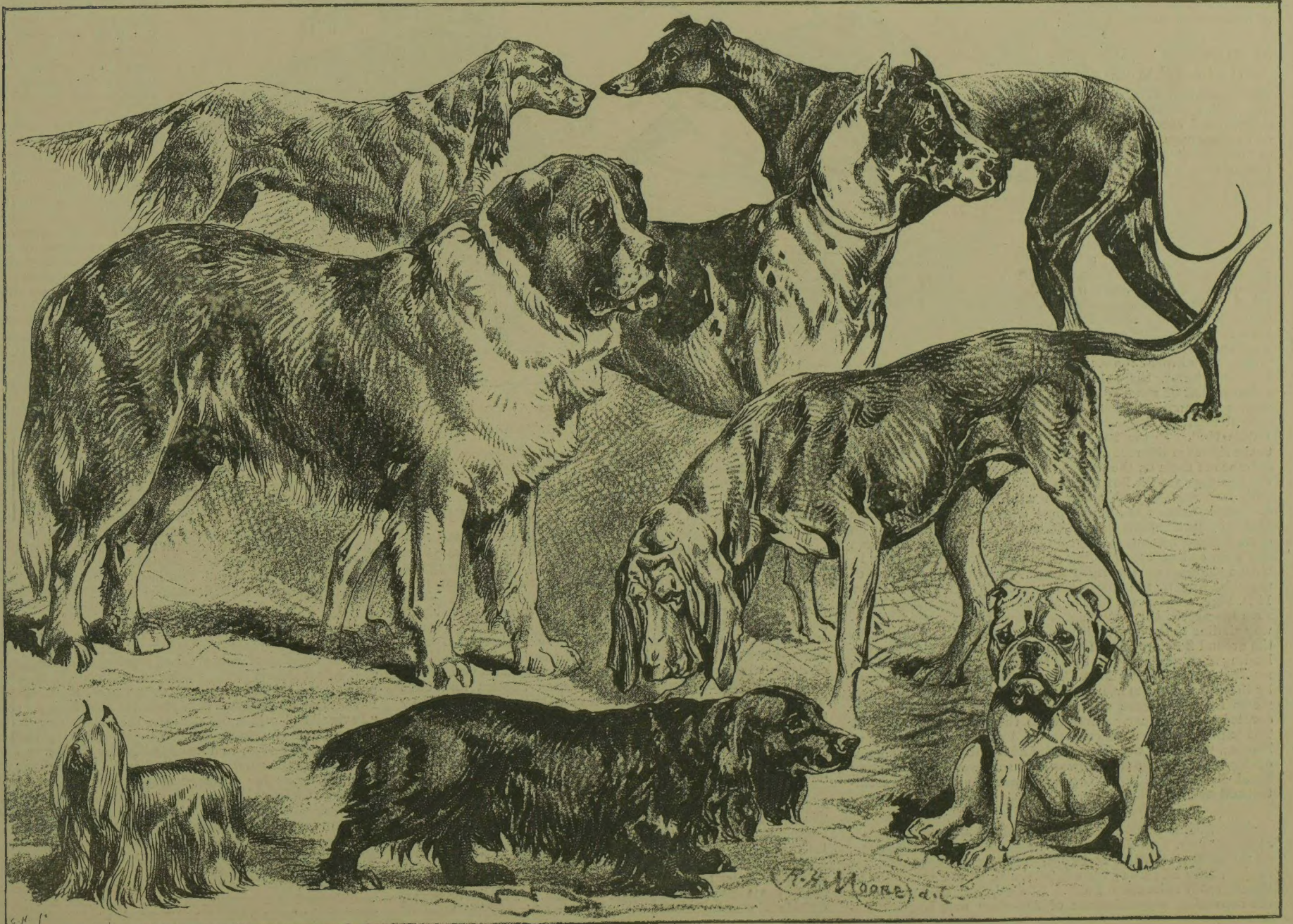


FIFE MAIN PIER.



Scotch polled cow, Waterside Elena, three years old: owner, Mr. George Wilken, Waterside of Forbes, Aberdeenshire: extra prize for best Scot; President's prize, for best animal bred and fed by exhibitor; Elkington challenge cup, as best animal in the Cattle-Show.

THE CATTLE-SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.



Mr. Mansfield H. Mills's Best Irish Setter of any breed.
 Mr. Royle's Champion St. Bernard, Duke of Marlborough.
 Mrs. Foster's Champion Yorkshire Terrier, Ted.
 Mr. R. T. Martin's Boarhound, Earl of Warwick.
 Mr. Farrow's Champion Spaniel, Gipping Sam.
 Mr. Harry T. Clarke's Champion Greyhound, Charles Davis.
 Mr. Hood Wright's Champion Bloodhound, Hector.
 Mr. J. S. Pybus Selous' Champion Bulldog, Datholite.

THE DOG-SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.

struts, with secondary ties to assist in holding up the bottom, all made of steel. By these means, the Forth Bridge will be carried over two spans each of 1710 ft., nearly a third of a mile, besides the half-spans extending inland, where the ends of the cantilever girders, at and beyond the piers of support, are ballasted so as to counterbalance the weight of the suspended parts and of any trains passing over them. To allow for expansion or contraction of metal, the connecting central girders, resting on the cantilevers, each weighing about 800 tons, are only rigidly attached at one end, leaving the other end free. No one can fail to admire the mechanical ingenuity of the whole contrivance, which relies on the principle of "stable equilibrium," instead of a rigid union of all the parts of this immense and ponderous structure. It will scarcely, like the unfortunate Tay Bridge, be liable to be blown down by a gale of wind.

Our Engravings show a general view of the Forth Bridge so far as it is at present completed, and a more detailed view of one of the piers and the great double cantilevers resting upon it.

We may repeat, in conclusion, that each opening of the Forth Bridge is one-third of a mile in clear span; which unprecedented width is spanned by a steel structure made up of two cantilevers or brackets, projecting 675 ft. from the piers, and a central lever connecting the ends of the cantilevers. As shown in the Engravings, the cantilevers project about 400 ft. from the piers; and pieces are being added to the ends at a rate which will complete the bridge next year. It was reported that, during the recent storms which did so much damage to shipping, the Forth Bridge had suffered; but as a matter of fact, not a plate or bolt was shaken, although, in its present condition, the structure has not one-half of its final strength.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND OTHER SHOWS.

The National Cattle-Show at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, which always takes place a week or two before that held in the Agricultural Hall of London, has this year been not less worthy of notice than usual, though of sheep there was a much smaller number of pens filled than on preceding occasions, and the swine also were less numerous, however good in quality. We present an illustration of the beautiful cow of a Scotch polled breed, which was pronounced the finest animal in the Cattle-Show. The Birmingham Dog-Show and the Birmingham Poultry-Show, held at the same time, furnish suitable subjects for other illustrations, with which the lovers of domestic animals, the connoisseurs of canine virtues, and the masters and mistresses of the farm-yard, will not be displeased. The Dog-Show at Curzon Hall had sixty pointers and some fine setters, thirty bloodhounds, and nearly as many deerhounds.

JUBILEE MEMORIAL HALL, EALING.

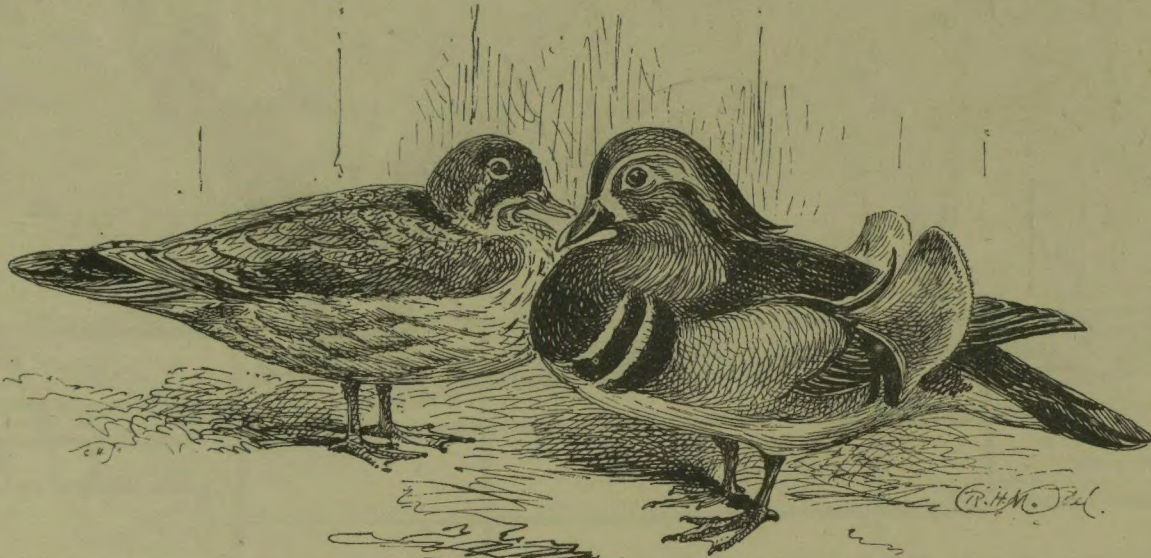
An illustration of this building, with some account of its erection and opening, is given on another page. Information of its architectural details, having been supplied too late, must be taken separately and briefly. Its style is English Gothic, freely treated for modern requirements; the walls are of stone. The central feature is a two-storeyed oriel window, over the principal entrance; to the right is a tower 145 ft. high, separating the public offices from the Free Library wing. The east and west ends of the building terminate with hipped roofs. As for the interior, there is an entrance-hall of stone arcades, with red granite shafts; a central staircase leads to the Public Hall. To the left and to the right are different offices of the Local Board, with a second entrance to them on the west side, and a second staircase. On the first floor are the Board-room, 45 ft. by 25 ft., and 21 ft. high, with open trussed roof, traceried windows, and oaken floor; committee-rooms; and the medical officer's department. The Memorial Hall, 100 ft. long, 45 ft. wide, and 40 ft. high, has an open trussed hammer-beam roof, elaborately pierced. From the west end of the building there are two entrances to it, with a staircase on the right and another on the left, one of these leading to the lower hall, which is 40 ft. by 25 ft. by 14 ft. high, and beyond that to retiring and cloak rooms. The Free Library, in the east wing, is approached by a single doorway similar to the double doorway of the main entrance. On the ground floor are the reference library, 33 ft. by 22 ft.; the lending department, 39 ft. by 28 ft.; and at the north end the reading-room, 32 ft. by 26 ft. The whole of the area covered by these departments is half-basemented with two large classrooms for the science and art department, the centre being devoted to the library, with a lift to the lending department. The buildings have been constructed by Mr. Hugh Knight, of Morden, Surrey, to the design and under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Jones, architect and surveyor to the Ealing Local Board. Mr. R. E. Crossland was his principal architectural assistant.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards gave a brilliant lecture, on Dec. 7, at The Priory, Nutfield (by kind permission of Mrs. Fielden), on "The Buried Cities of Egypt." Before entering upon her subject, Miss Edwards gave a brief sketch of the formation of the Egypt Exploration Fund. She alluded, in passing, to the increasing preponderance of American over English subscribers to the fund, and stated that, unless English subscribers came forward to balance this preponderance, the committee might find themselves embarrassed in their disposal of the excavated treasures; the claims of the Boston Museum having already to be admitted alongside of those of the British and provincial museums.

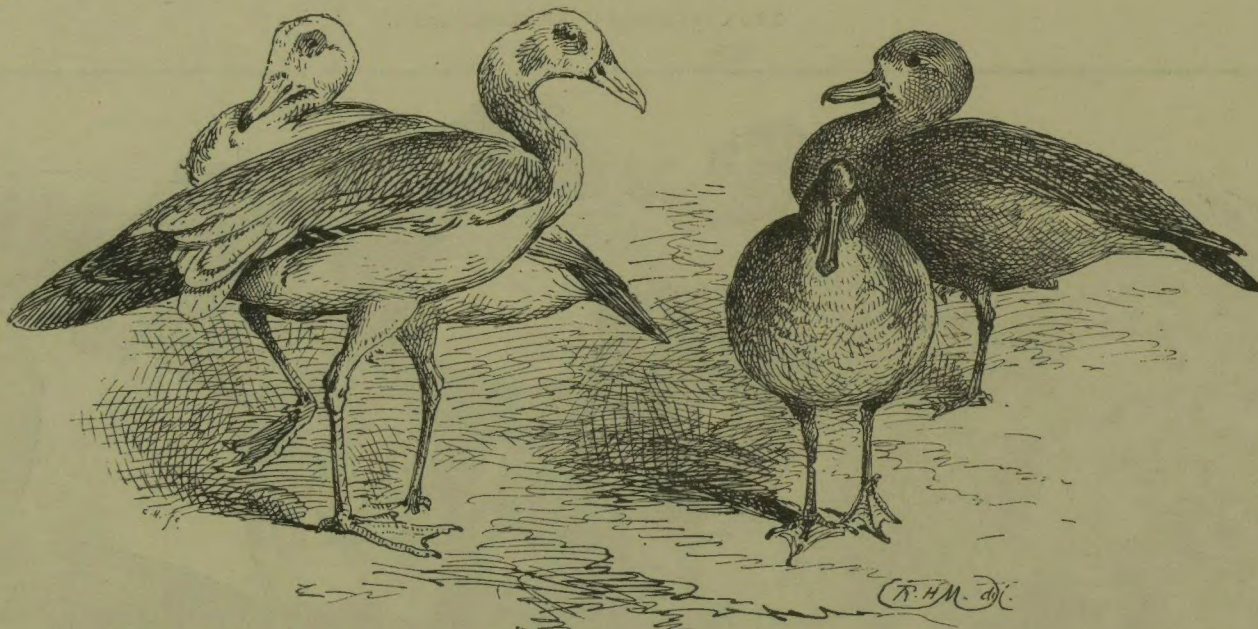
THE COURT.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 9, the Queen and the Empress Frederick, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with their Majesties and the Royal family in the evening. The Queen went out on Monday morning, the 10th, with the Empress Frederick and Princess Sophie of Prussia. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Lady Biddulph, left the castle in the morning for Buckingham Palace, there to join Prince Henry of Battenberg, en route to Darmstadt, on account of the alarming illness of the Prince's father, Prince Alexander of Hesse. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales and the three Princesses, arrived at the castle. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, inspected the Queen's farm-stock at the Shaw Farm on the 11th, previous to next day's sale. In the evening the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family attended the service at St. George's Chapel.

The Prince of Wales, who had been visiting Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday evening Dec. 8. On Monday, the 10th, the Prince visited the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by



Mr. Reginald B. Astley's Mandarin Ducks.



Mr. P. F. Fordham's Egyptian Geese.

Mrs. J. W. Dick's Whistlers.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM: ORNAMENTAL WATER-POWL.

Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House in the evening on a visit to the Queen.

CAPE GUARDAFUI, EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

Cape Guardafui, sighted by most steamers in the Indian Ocean proceeding westward to Aden and the Red Sea, is the northern limit of the combined British, German, and Portuguese blockade. The portion of the east coast of Africa thus blockaded extends from Zanzibar to Cape Guardafui. This naval demonstration against slavery will consist probably of about twenty-five ships of war, carrying about 150 guns and 4000 men. The land is a wild and inhospitable one. Duarte Barbosa first tells us of it in 1516, in the times when the Kings of Portugal swept these seas with their ships, and levied tribute at the Straits of Mecca, lying between Socotra and Cape Guardafui. In our own times, heavy tribute is often paid by silk and tea laden steamers. It is a dangerous coast, and all the skill of seamanship cannot save the homeward bound steamer from destruction if caught beneath the cliffs of Guardafui. It is at this cape that the coast ends northward, and trends so as to double towards the Red Sea.

Our Views of Cape Guardafui are from sketches made by Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. McLeod, of the Commissariat and Transport Staff. The cape, seen either from the north or south, is of a light red tint. A remarkable depression of the land is seen in the view from the north. It is as if Nature had hewn out a stupendous carriage-way for traffic with the interior. It is, however, but a highway of shifting, yellow sand, apart from the haunts of man. In the daylight, Guardafui stands, bare and bleak, in a shimmering blaze of intense heat; the very atmosphere is yellow, and filled with an impalpable dust. A table-land—900 ft. in height—rises above the sand-hills and the lesser plateaus; scorched and burnt, vegetation finds no place in these stony deserts and sandy hillocks. Below, the blue waters of the Indian Ocean lie calm and tranquil.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

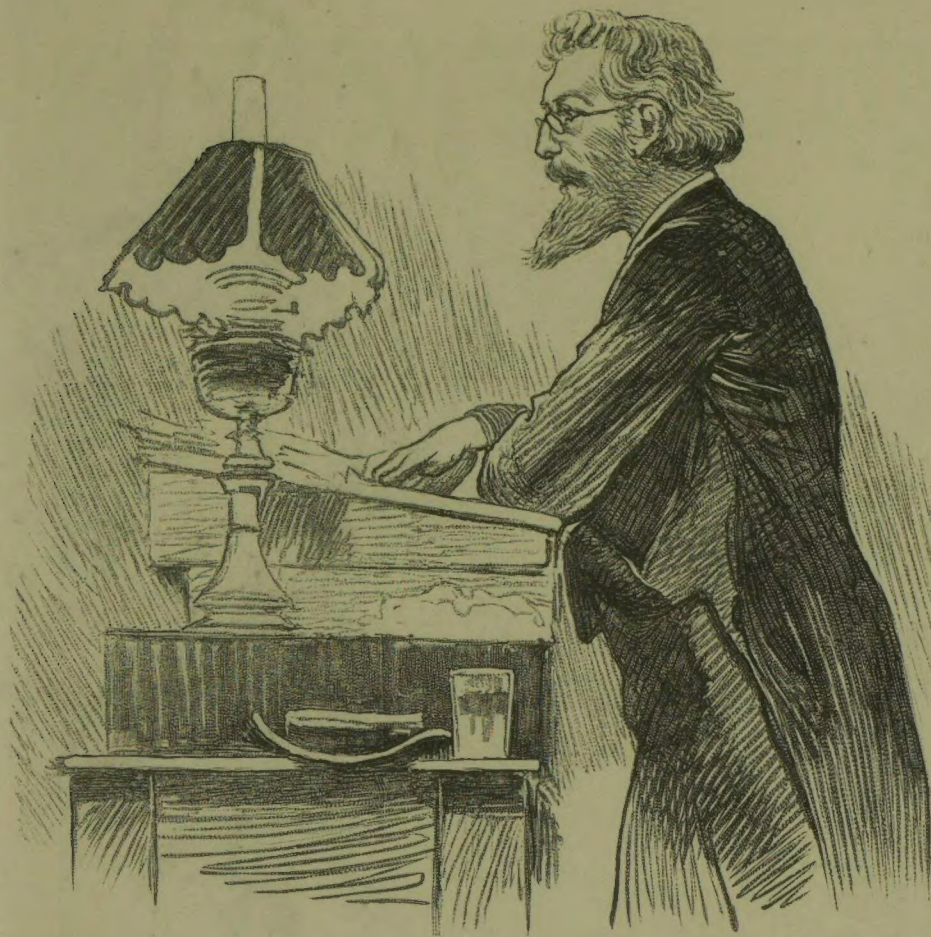
Legislators surely merit public sympathy. They may not be unaccustomed to a certain amount of political haziness within the walls of St. Stephen's. But when the thickest of London fogs enters the House, and materially adds to the discomfort of sitting far into December, senators may be pardoned for longing for the Christmas holidays, to escape to a pure and bracing atmosphere. Whilst the Marquis of Salisbury, it appears, will remain at home to guard the interests of the Empire, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. W. H. Smith flit to the more congenial climates of Italy and the Riviera; and Lord Randolph Churchill leisurably packs up his portmanteau for an instructive and recuperative trip with Colonel J. T. North to South America in the New Year.

The Prime Minister had an important announcement to make respecting Persia in the House of Lords on the Eleventh of December, when Viscount Sidmouth distinguished himself as arch-interrogator. There had been an amusing overture on the part of Lord Denman, who took exception to being boycotted, as he implied, by the able and urbane chief of the *Times'* Parliamentary staff, Mr. Leicester; but no other noble Lord, I imagine, would have dared to question the amplitude of the *Times'* exhaustive reports of Parliamentary speeches. Their Lordships then agreed—when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful—to the Commons' amendment to the Irish Land Purchase Bill; and gave an opening to Lord Sidmouth to display his interest in Table Bay and Simon's Bay improvements, in docks for "Gib," and Bombay, and, his eye with fine frenzy rolling, even in Persia.

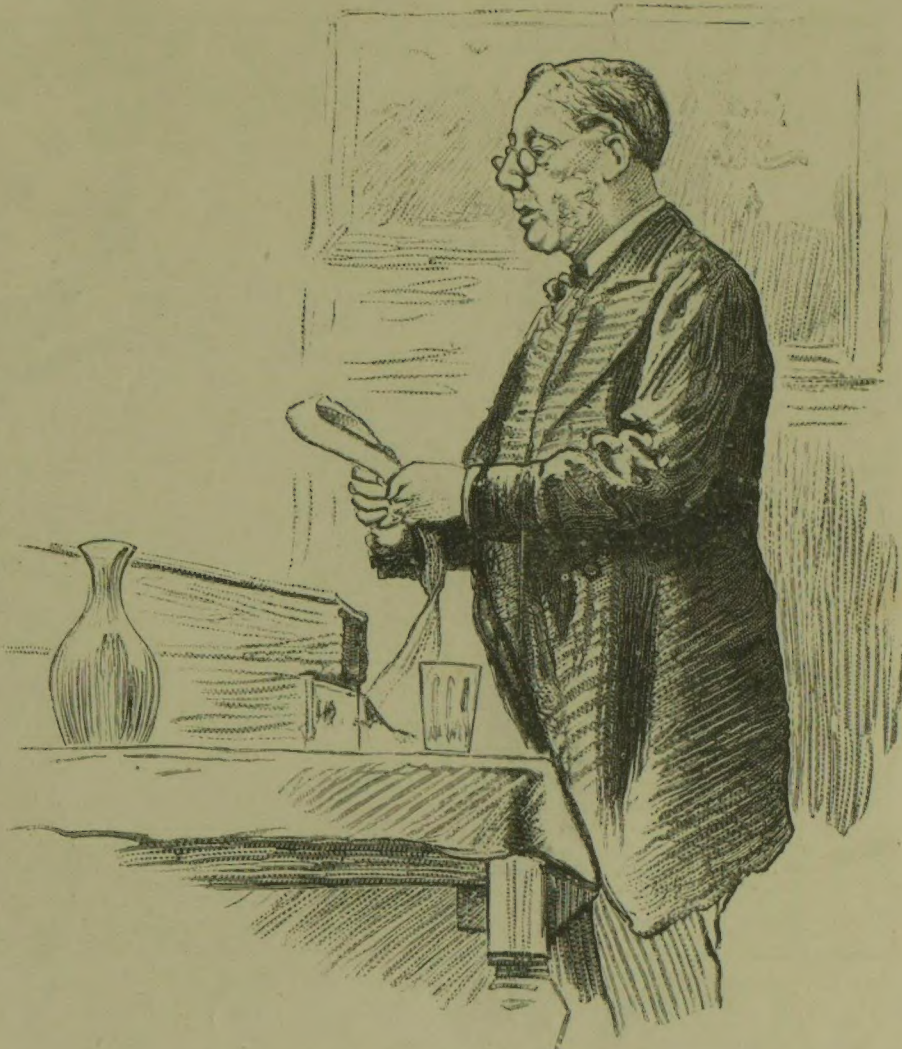
This afforded Lord Salisbury an opportunity, in his happiest manner, to extol the "very high diplomatic capacity" of our adroit Minister at the Court of Teheran, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, but at the same time to do justice to the enlightenment of the Shah himself. The noble Marquis who so easily bears on his broad shoulders the heavy dual burdens of Premier and Foreign Secretary indeed showed that the Oriental potentate whose flashing diamond aigrette is so well remembered in the Metropolis is quite prepared to move with the spirit of the times. The Shah of Persia has, in fact, wisely come to the conclusion that his country needs the aid of our Government to stimulate commerce in his dominions. With this view, his Majesty has consented to open the port of Mohummreh and the River Karun to European traffic. New markets for British products being so desirable, manufacturers and merchants will welcome the news communicated by Lord Salisbury. The linked dullness long drawn out of the protracted discussions in the Commons—relieved only now and again by an eloquent outburst of Gladstonian oratory, by a skilful pyrotechnic display on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill, or by a diversion in the Parnellite ranks—has proved to demonstration that topics would be forthcoming for debate were the House to sit incessantly all the year round. The mischief of it is that we get very little forwarder. Much cry and little wool is still the deplorable rule. This is certainly not the fault of the laborious and painstaking Leader of the House, for Mr. Smith is remarkably terse and businesslike. May his exemplary succinctness spread! Should that happy time arrive when brevity would be the soul of Parliamentary wit, we should at length boast a model Session. Meanwhile, disrelish of a Saturday sitting in December caused faint interest to be taken even in the Home Secretary's report of the Sheehy Committee, who decided that Jeremiah Sullivan had committed a distinct breach of privilege, and warned him not to do it again; the House is becoming tired of the pastime of Balfour-baiting; and one and all are anxious for the last of the estimates to pass, in order to escape with alacrity to fresh woods and pastures new. The good news that Mr. Bright was better occasioned general satisfaction at the commencement of the second week in December in the House, where the bulletins from Rochdale have been scanned with the deep interest we all felt when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was battling against fever at Sandringham just seventeen years ago.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

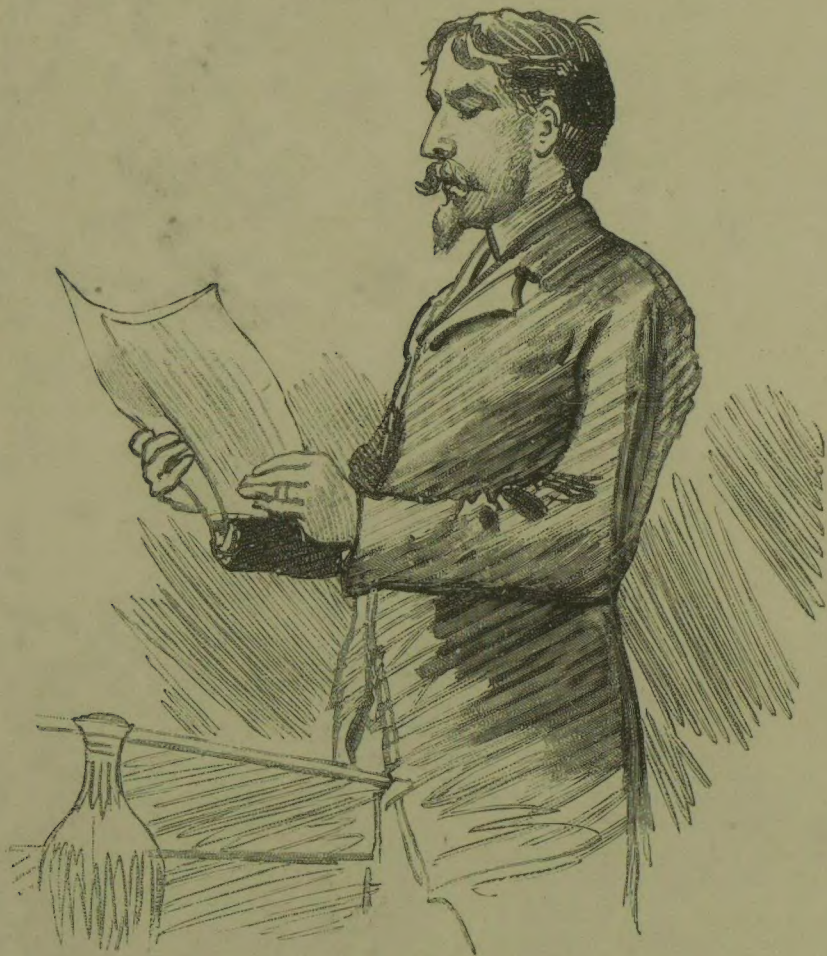
The judicial Commissioners had reached their thirtieth sitting at the Law Courts in the week ending Dec. 15, and were still hearing the examination and cross-examination of witnesses. Pat Molloy, of Dublin, was supposed to have been a Fenian or an "Invincible," which he denied; this man was brought up under guard of two of the Irish police, having been arrested and sent to London, and confined in the Holloway Prison, for not obeying the summons of the Court. He was once employed as a canvasser for a respectable firm of book-publishers in London. His evidence was to have been discredited by that of Mr. Walker, who also, for the facility of making personal inquiries, had called himself Mr. Thompson, and who was clerk to a Dublin solicitor. Mr. Arthur Shaen Bingham, a landowner in Mayo, gave evidence respecting an attempt to shoot him, in 1881, while driving in a car with his wife and a young lady; the shot was fired by a man dressed as a woman; Mr. Bingham and the young lady were slightly wounded. He afterwards used to carry a revolver, but had none on that occasion. Being asked, in cross-examination, whether his revolver did not go off by accident, he simply replied, "It could not go off, for it was not in my possession." Our Sketches are portraits of these witnesses, and of Bridget Barrett, the widow of one of Mr. Bingham's tenants, who was murdered about the same time.



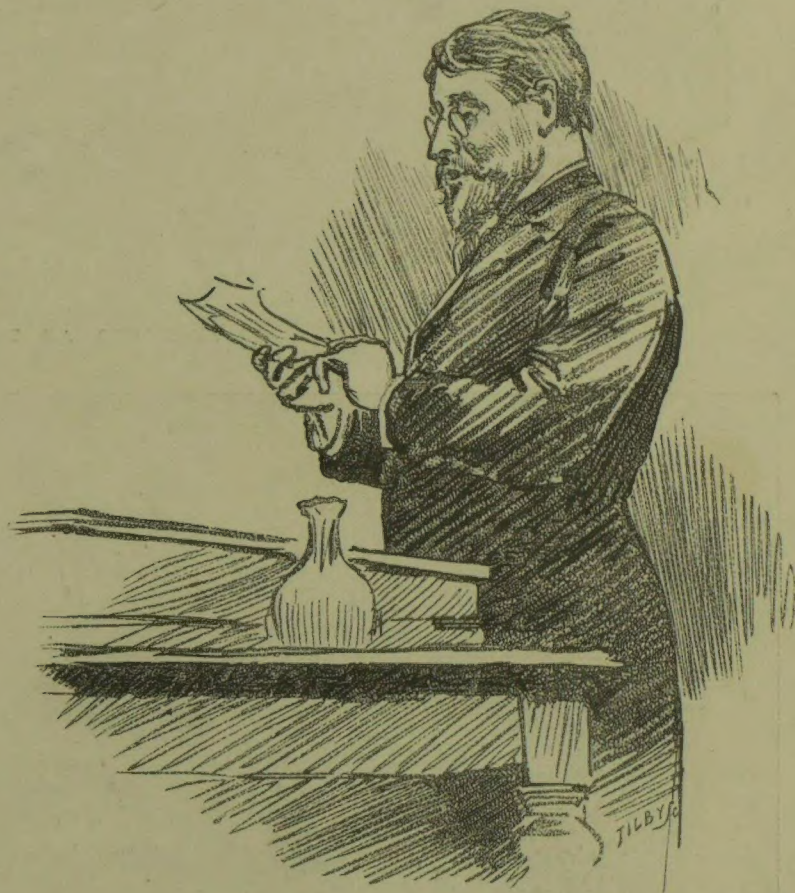
SIR F. LEIGHTON'S OPENING ADDRESS.



MR. G. AITCHISON'S ADDRESS (ARCHITECTURE).



MR. WALTER CRANE'S ADDRESS (DECORATIVE ART).



MR. ALMA TADEMA'S ADDRESS (PAINTING).

THE LIVERPOOL ART CONGRESS.

The National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry has been founded in response to desires and suggestions expressed very often in speeches and writings for thirty or forty years past, and has the goodwill of influential leaders of social opinion. It may do some good, and the only ground for scepticism is a doubt whether the English race, in general, has been endowed by its type of mental constitution with any natural capability of highly appreciating plastic art, though a few good sculptors, as well as a few architects of talent other than that of adaptation and that of construction, are found in successive generations. Painting is another matter, and England has certainly produced some of the best landscape artists and some of the best portrait-painters in the world. We shall see what we shall see, or posterity will see what may come of the patriotic endeavour to cultivate a perception of beauty in form—that is the deficiency in the average English mind. The first Congress of the Association, held at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Monday, Dec. 3, and following days, was as much of a success as meetings with speeches and resolutions and excellent sentiments can achieve towards an object which is only the beginning of a new branch of national education. Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., the accomplished President of the Royal Academy, was supported by Mr. Alma Tadema, A.R.A., President of the Section of Painting; Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., President of the Section of Sculpture; Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., President of the Section of Architecture; and Mr. Walter Crane, R.I., President of the Section of Applied or Decorative Art. The addresses delivered by these gentlemen have been reported, and have, no doubt, been thoughtfully perused by a very large number of readers who understand and enjoy the fine arts, or some fine art, and who would gladly

be taught to recognise Art in the abstract, if the mystic meanings of æsthetic philosophy could be as readily comprehended by our countrymen as by the divinely inspired Greeks—inspired by repute, or by the erudite Germans who make it an academic profession. We may all hope to learn, and even to improve our notions of the ideal in sculpture and of architectural harmony, notwithstanding the indestructible materials of bad examples of those particular arts; while in painting, which is less permanent and less obtrusive, there is always the facility of using improved skill in execution to present original ideas in which the English mind, with its sensitiveness to the beauties of Nature, is not wanting; and a great improvement in our decorative art has already been effected. The opening of the Liverpool Art Congress is, therefore, an event on which public congratulations seem to be due; and our Sketches, representing Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Aitchison, and Mr. Walter Crane, delivering their respective presidential addresses, are given as an expression of sympathy with this laudable effort. Sir James Picton, the munificent donor of an Art Gallery and chairman of the Free Library, Museum, and Art Gallery Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, was chairman also of the Reception Committee for the visit of the Art Congress. The Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. E. H. Cookson, entertained the members of the Congress with a banquet in the Townhall. The Congress has been invited to meet in 1889 at Edinburgh, but we understand that this has not yet been decided.

The directors of the Union Steam-Ship Company have sent out to their chief agent in South Africa—Mr. T. E. Fuller, M.L.A., of Capetown—two 20-guinea gold watches for presentation, respectively, to the Colonial cricketer who makes the

highest score in any match against Major Warton's English team, and to the Colonial bowler who takes the largest number of wickets in any match against the same English team.

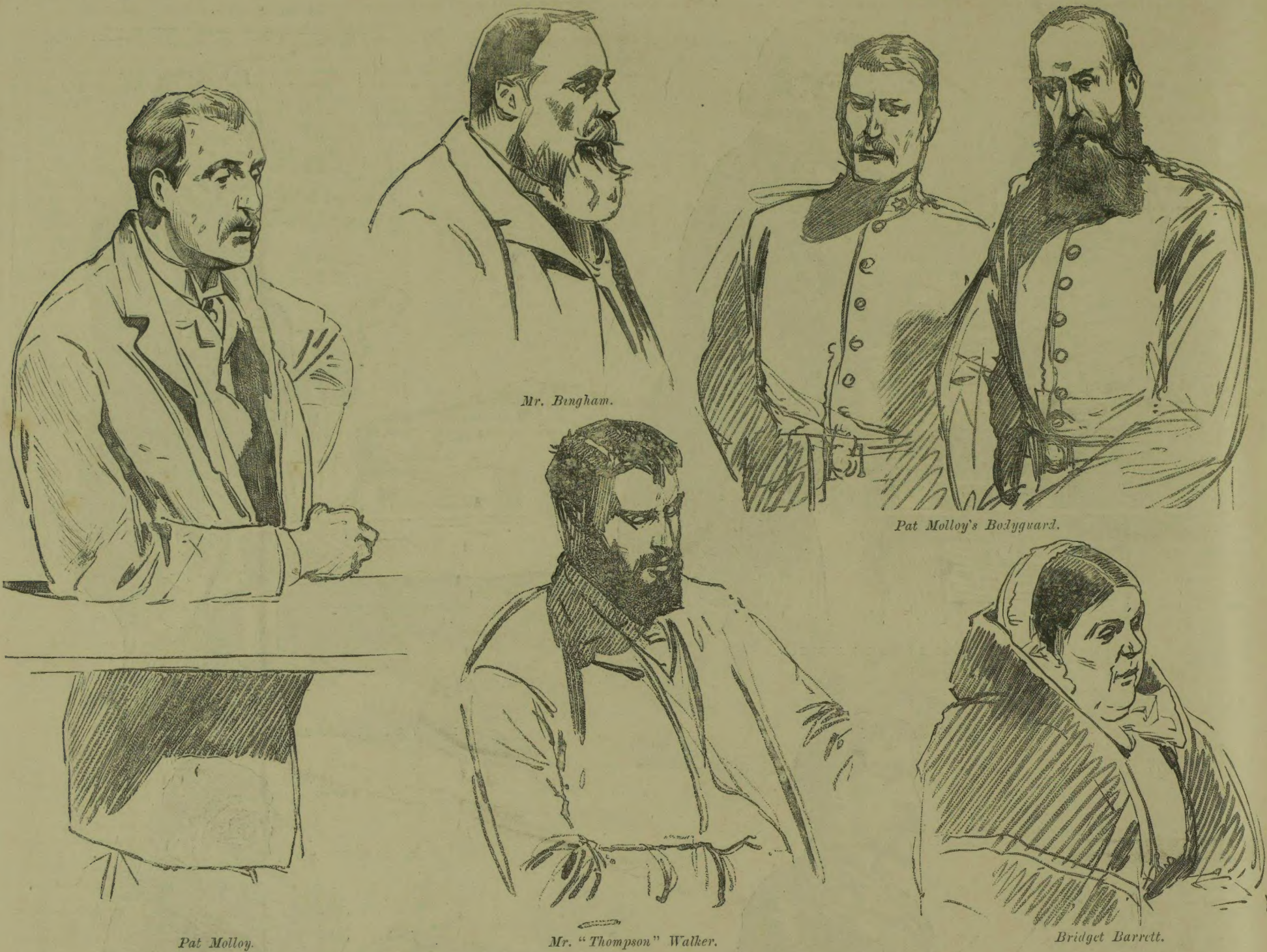
Princess Christian visited the Royal Female School of Art in Queen-square on Dec. 7, and opened the new studio recently added to the institution.

Lord Justice Bowen distributed, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, the prizes gained by the students of the City of London College, Moorfields.

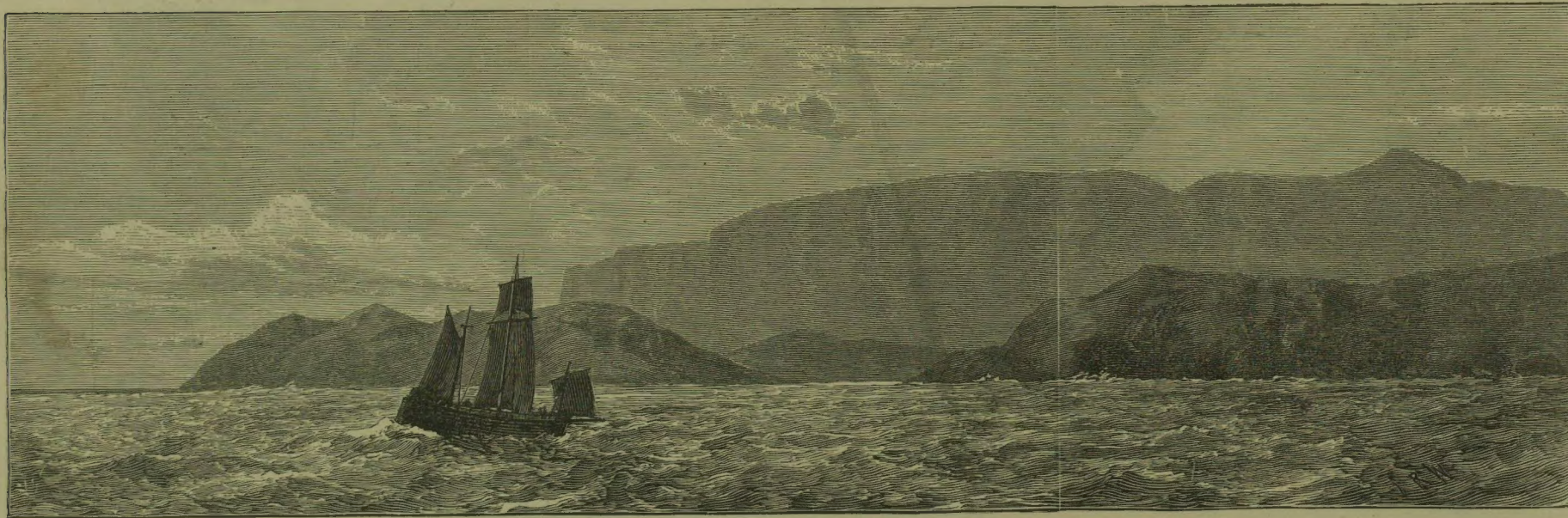
There is in Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's new galleries for toys in Oxford-street an extraordinary assortment of amusing and grotesque mechanical and musical toys, that cannot fail to enliven the Christmas of many of our juvenile friends. The objects vary greatly, some being very low-priced, while one large elephant, beautifully modelled and capable of holding a number of presents, is priced at eighteen guineas.

All matters have now been definitely settled for holding a Spanish Exhibition in 1889 at Earl's Court, upon the site of the late Italian Exhibition. The president will be the Duke of Wellington, Grandee of Spain; and the vice-president, Colonel J. T. North. The most elaborate preparations are being made, and some important arrangements have been entered into by the authorities.

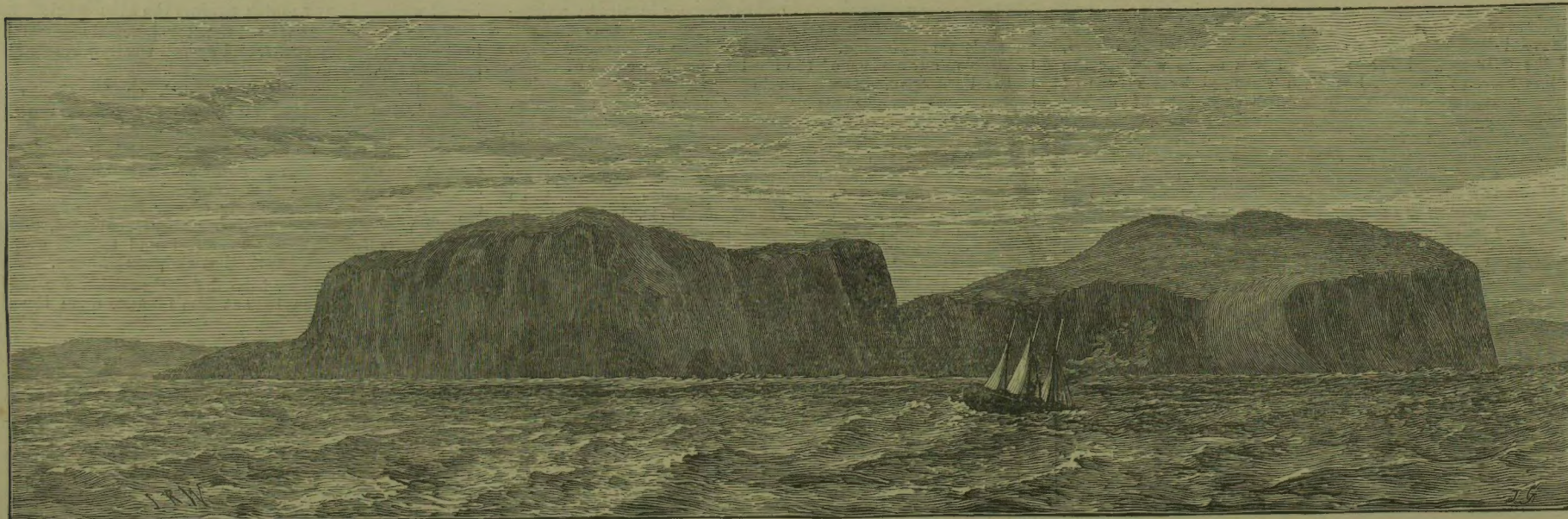
The foundation-stone of the Fulham Townhall was laid by the Rev. F. H. Fisher, Vicar of Fulham, on Dec. 10. A sealed jar, containing a copy of *The Times* newspaper of that date, *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 8th, and three local newspapers, together with a set of silver and copper coins, was deposited in a cavity of the granite block. The hall will cost upwards of £20,000. Mr. George Edwards is the architect; and Mr. Charles Wall, of Chelsea, the builder.



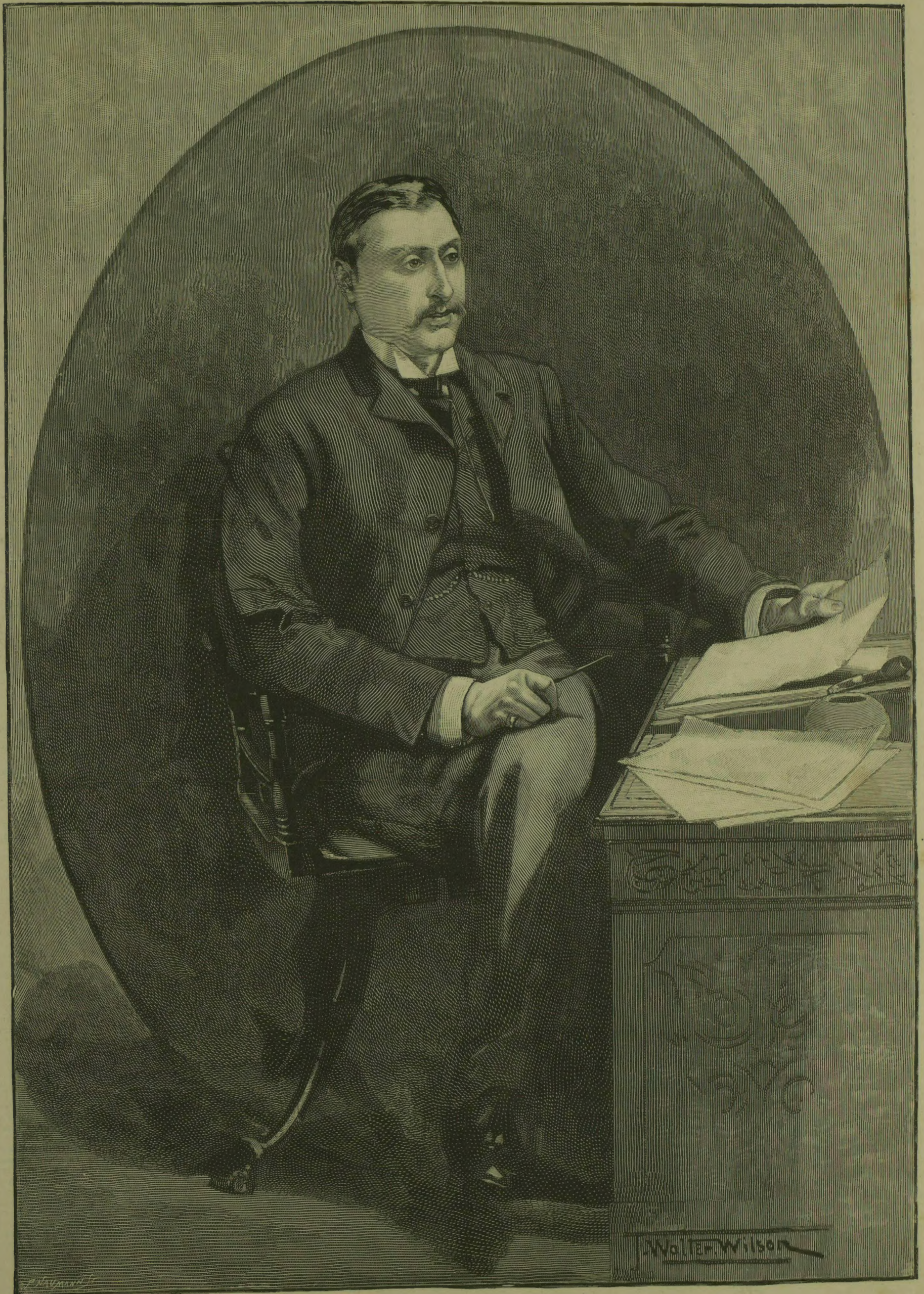
SKETCHES AT THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.



CAPE GUARDAFUI, EAST COAST OF AFRICA, LOOKING SOUTH.



CAPE GUARDAFUI, EAST COAST OF AFRICA, LOOKING NORTH.



MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," and "Cleopatra."

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.

This clever and ingenious novelist has won such extensive celebrity that we may feel sure of the ready acceptance of his portrait by an immense multitude of readers, who are so well acquainted with his stirring romances as not to require any details of his personal biography; and it may even be considered that a popular author, working in his study for the public entertainment, has no need, individually, to allow the world to comment on his unassuming private life. There are few among those who delight in the contemporary literature of fiction to whom Mr. Rider Haggard's books are unknown. "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," "She," and "Allan Quatermain," with their wondrous revelations of Central African mysteries, of wild savagery and heathen civilisation, and of the miraculous preservation of customs and institutions derived from prehistoric antiquity, are quite as familiar, to many of us, as "Robinson Crusoe," or "Gulliver's Travels," or "The Arabian Nights." If certain grave critics have deemed it their duty to object to these interesting tales on the ground of their lack of consistency with ascertained facts of geography and ethnology, or with the understood physical laws of Nature, or with the conditions of human character and behaviour under any conceivable social influences, it is a sufficient answer that they are not intended to satisfy the scientific critics, but to amuse the fancy; and in this purpose, it cannot be denied, the author has been one of the most successful writers of the day. He has, we believe, sojourned a while in South Africa, and has had an opportunity of seeing what Zulus and Kaffirs are like, his descriptions of the habits and manners of those races agreeing fairly with those which are to be found in authentic books of travel. As for the imaginary preternatural incidents, the subterranean rivers and unquenchable fires, the tremendous caverns and chasms, the sorcery and magic, the treasures hoarded for ages, the splendid cities of sculptured marble, with golden palaces and temples, where immortal Queens of enchanting beauty and entrancing wisdom rule for thousands of years over an obedient warlike population—why should not these romantic dreams be permitted for our diversion, as well as the perusal of Homer's "Odyssey," the various marvels related by Ariosto, the fables of Indian, Persian, or Arabian invention, or the "Earthly Paradise" of Mr. William Morris? What may be told in verse can also be told in prose; and nineteen people in twenty now like prose reading much better. Among the other productions of Mr. Rider Haggard are to be mentioned his "Down," "Jess," "Mr. Meeson's Will," and "Maiwa's Revenge," each of which has been received with public favour; "Colonel Quaritch, V.C.," a novel in three volumes, recently published; and his great story of ancient Egypt, entitled "Cleopatra," which will appear by weekly instalments in *The Illustrated London News*, beginning with our first publication in the New Year.

The Portrait of Mr. Rider Haggard is a drawing from life, specially made by one of our own Artists.

NEW BOOKS.

Colonel Quaritch, V.C., a Tale of Country Life. By H. Rider Haggard. Three vols. (Longmans).—The popularity of this author, though chiefly won by stories of a different kind, is so widely established that many readers are gained beforehand to a new tale written by him. Yet while few writers of fiction can more potently arouse the imaginative joy of a description of fierce fighting, there is none of that sort of entertainment here, in spite of the military rank and the Victoria Cross worn by his modest hero. The Colonel has retired on half-pay, in the forty-fourth year of his age, before the story begins; he has come to reside, with an income of about £600 a year, in an ancient cottage on the Molehill at Honham, bequeathed to him by his aunt. A recent magazine essay on "Names in Fiction," by one of the most judicious literary critics of the present day, emboldens us to ask why a typical plain English gentleman should be appointed to bear a unique foreign surname, heretofore known to Londoners only in connection with a highly-respectable business familiar to scholarly amateurs of rare and precious exotic or antique books. "Quaritch" does not go well with "Harold," which is, perhaps, itself a Christian name of too youthful an air for a man of the Colonel's time of life, though he could nowise get rid of it after wearing it gracefully and gallantly at one-and-twenty. But the objection most likely to be taken by ordinary novel-readers to Harold Quaritch personally is that his mature disposition and behaviour show no trace of his ever having been a young man; he could never have been handsome or graceful; and though he must, as a soldier, have exhibited on some occasion, in India, what is officially styled "gallantry," which thousands of other soldiers would show if they had the lucky opportunity, the social quality that oftener takes that name, in his demeanour to either sex, is not more especially conspicuous than it may be in any quiet civilian. He is unquestionably a very honest, manly, straightforward, generous fellow, with plenty of moral courage, which is a much better quality; and when he has, with ample justification, called Mr. Edward Cossey a cur and a blackguard, he offers to cross the Channel for the purpose of fighting a duel—an improper and unnecessary invitation which Mr. Edward Cossey more wisely declines. Still, the part which Colonel Quaritch has to play, throughout this story, is that of self-possessed inactivity, with a patient attendance on the young lady who has captivated his middle-aged affections, until the period arrives, near the end of it all, for him to discover a hidden treasure in the Dead Man's Mount, behind his own back garden. This feat of digging up a hoard of old gold coins, on a stormy winter night, in a pit where it has lain guarded by skeletons for more than two centuries, is told with the intense descriptive force to be expected in such a narrative by the author of "King Solomon's Mines." But it is not of a nature to cast much light on the complex conditions of individual character; for any tolerably courageous man, with a strong motive, whether of love and friendship, or of greedy avarice, would do the same, if free from superstition, when he had deciphered the cryptogram of the writing in the old Bible. There is no flavour of the "V.C.," or of "distinguished gallantry," about such an action; we like and esteem Colonel Quaritch, as a worthy country gentleman of small pretensions and an unassuming faithful lover; we are sincerely glad that he helps to save the Squire's estate from ruin, and that he finally becomes the husband of Ida; but he does not come up to the romantic ideal of a hero. The Squire, for his part, is a type of the conventional attributes of an old-fashioned Tory country landlord, with the exception, again, of his family name, De la Molle, which is neither English, Norman, nor French; and that of Dofferleigh, which originally belonged to his ancestors, seems almost equally impossible in our national history. He is, personally, to judge by his sayings and doings, such a foolish, vain, selfish, obstinate old man, that we cannot much care for the impending risk of his ejection from Honham Castle, as he has no male heir, and his only daughter may have a good husband, able to support her and her father as poor gentlefolk to the end of their lives. Seriously, it is

difficult to approve, on the consideration of mere pride of ancestry, Ida's intended self-sacrifice for the price of £30,000 to a man whom she and her father both detest and despise. Mr. Edward Cossey, the son of the rich London banker, and a base scoundrel with an inheritance of half a million, carrying on, as she knows, a criminal intrigue with a married woman in the neighbourhood. No daughter capable of consenting to such a marriage, especially after avowing her love for another man, should be regarded as an honest young woman; so the heroine, as well as the hero, of this disagreeable social complication appears to us a failure in moral interest; while the hereditary claims of the De la Molles to keep their mortgaged property, even by a proposed transaction of this unworthy kind, do not command our sympathy. Much is said of the noble ancient race of English landed proprietors, and of the inferior class, often rich tradesmen, bankers, or lawyers, who now sometimes come into possession of their former estates. But every diligent student of the domestic history of England has ascertained that in the means by which the oldest landed estates were originally acquired, there was incomparably more chicanery, servility, and treachery, than can now be practised, and that modern purchases, or mortgages and foreclosures, are more honest dealings than some of those on record under the Tudor and Plantagenet reigns. These reflections are presented only as an antidote to any false impressions that may be left by what is called a "Tale of Country Life." Mr. Rider Haggard is, nevertheless, a writer of so much inventive ability, with such remarkable powers of combining incidents to bring about a designed catastrophe, setting his personages forcibly in action, bringing them into sharp collision with each other, entangling them, and subsequently removing their bonds in the course of his story, and exciting common emotions on their behalf, that none of his works can fail to be of some interest. In this novel, we confess, the episode of Mr. Quest's social and matrimonial embarrassments—though Mr. Quest is a very bad man, and the unhappy lady called Mrs. Quest is not at all a good woman—engages our concern much more heartily than the affairs of Honham Castle. Mr. Quest, the clever, scheming, ambitious solicitor, the churchwarden, the clerk of Petty Sessions, all that is respectable at Boisingham, yet a secret criminal, a bigamist, in lifelong dread of his real wife, a vile, coarse, drunken, profligate creature, who lives a loose life in London, draining him of the better part of his income, does somehow take hold of the imagination; all the more as he is passionately fond of his second partner, who, having detected his perfidy, regards him with bitter aversion and becomes wantonly unfaithful to him in return. This is a terrible conflict of passions, but the situation is not inconceivable; and Mr. Rider Haggard works out its development with a dramatic skill and force which prove his capacity of dealing successfully with the elements of the usual domestic novel. He will no doubt find a suitable plot and characters of substantial merit for the composition of another story of this class, which may add to the considerable reputation acquired by his other successful writings. In the meantime, we confidently expect that his "Cleopatra," immediately forthcoming in our own pages, will be admired even more highly than those ingenious weird romances which have fascinated a countless multitude of readers by the entertainment of poetical fancy with visions of pity and terror.

The Land beyond the Forest (Transylvania). By E. De L. Gerard. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—Madame Gerard, a Scotch lady, the wife of an Austrian Cavalry officer, lived two years at Herrmannstadt and Kronstadt, in the south-eastern corner of the Empire, and became well acquainted with the country and the various races of people on that remote frontier. Her account of them is copious in detail, enlivened with many anecdotes of social and domestic life, of peculiar customs, notions, and legendary traditions, and gives to the intelligent reader both a good deal of entertainment and much suggestive information. Nowhere in Europe is there to be observed a more curious juxtaposition of different nations, or fragments of nations, contrasting strongly with each other in character and in their state of civilisation. The Transylvanians of the South Slavonic race, the Magyars or Hungarians, the Roumans from Wallachia, the descendants of German colonists, who are called Saxons, the Tsiganes or Gipsies, the Szekels, a purely Hunnish race, and the Armenian emigrants from Moldavia, occupy their several districts in the valleys west of the Carpathian mountains, and north of the Roumanian frontier. Madame Gerard describes them separately, and it is just now of some political importance to learn their characteristic dispositions, for they might possibly be drawn into the conflict between Austria and Russia which is apprehended by many statesmen as a future danger. The town of Klausenburg, now more frequently named Koloszar, is much less German than formerly, and the non-German elements of population seem to be gaining ground in Transylvania. The Greek Church has great influence in the country; while Unitarianism, which finds sympathy among certain English Dissenters, prevails in that and other towns. The authoress, as might be expected, dwells especially on the stiff Conservative habits and temper of the old-fashioned Saxons, who appear to be a sturdy, honest, rather boorish, hard, and plodding kind of people, not without solid merits, and Protestants in religion. They afford, perhaps, the most genuine example of the primitive German type, and are worth studying on that account; "but they are now rapidly degenerating into mere fossil antiquities." The Roumanians, on the contrary—who claim to be of Italian origin, and whose language is a Latin dialect, being, perhaps, the descendants of Trajan's colony of Roman soldiers on the Lower Danube—are vivacious, crafty, endowed with versatile talents, and cherish an enterprising ambition. It seems as if they had a future before them; and the comparison between them and the stationary or retrograde Saxons is the main interest of this book. The last chapters are an agreeable description of the scenery of the Bulea Lake, the mountains and pine-forests, with an excursion to Sinaia, the favourite summer resort of the King and Queen of Roumania, not far beyond the Austrian frontier.

The Leeds Town Council have resolved to borrow £200,000, by the issue of debenture stock, for town improvements.

The Lady Mayoress on Saturday distributed the prizes to the officers and men of the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers, at the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding.

The Duke of Sutherland has placed at the disposal of the Crofter Commissioners a portion of a deer forest, in the Assyre district, over 800 acres in extent, and portions of several sheep farms extending to about 8000 acres, to be assigned to Crofter applicants who desire to extend their holdings.

A deputation representing newspaper proprietors and journalists waited upon the First Lord of the Treasury on Dec. 8, at the House of Commons with reference to the Libel Law Amendment Bill now on the Order Book of the House of Commons for consideration of the Lords' amendments. In reply to the earnest hope expressed by the deputation that an opportunity might be afforded for its being passed during the Session, Mr. Smith said he would use every effort to secure this result.

THE MISSION TO THE ASHANTEES.

None of those who were among our readers fifteen years ago can have forgotten the British military expedition sent, under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, to punish the cruel King Coffee Calcalli for his insolent invasion of the Fantee protected territory behind Cape Coast Castle. The prompt and orderly march of a large body of our troops, for two hundred miles inland, through a dense tropical jungle and troublesome marshes, fighting several battles against a numerous host of warlike foes; the burning of Coomassie, which is the capital of the Ashantee Kingdom; and the submission of its savage monarch to the prescribed terms of peace, were fully related not only in the pages of this Journal, but also in a separate Illustrated History; and our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, began his services as a War Correspondent by furnishing admirable Sketches of that campaign. King Coffee Calcalli was not deposed, but lived and reigned, we hope less numerically than before, until a recent date; when the Royal Stool or Throne, left vacant by his death, was disputed in a fierce civil war between two rival factions. His Majesty had no son to inherit it; and his sister, Princess Yawa-Kiah, who is married or a widow having three daughters, could not reign on account of the Salic law. We know little of Ashantee politics, and will not attempt even to state the names and titles of the opposing claimants; but the Kingdom is rather a sort of Empire including several tributary nations, the Adawsi, the Bekwai, the Kokofus, and others, whose chiefs took different sides, and there was a great deal of sanguinary fighting, by which the forest-country for a distance of seventy miles, from the Prah river to the Bekwai, was continually overrun, and every native village was utterly destroyed, not one habitation being left standing. Thousands of people must have perished, and it seemed right to the British Government of Cape Coast Castle, when the mutual rage of the contending parties was exhausted, to offer a friendly mediation, recognising the head of the victorious league as the necessary King, and interceding for clemency to the vanquished, while taking pledges for his peaceable behaviour towards the subjects of our protectorate. For this purpose, and to witness the ceremonial enthronement of his Majesty, the late Captain Lonsdale, C.M.G., with Captain Barnett, of the Gold Coast Constabulary as second Commissioner, was sent to Coomassie, and advanced to the village of Adwabin, fourteen miles south of that city, within easy reach of the camps of the two rival parties. Here the Mission was delayed seven months, occupied in difficult negotiations and watching the progress of events; but Captain Lonsdale fell ill, and Captain Barnett succeeded him in the command of the expedition and in the business to be transacted. The native chiefs having at length agreed to a settlement, invited Captain Barnett to proceed to Coomassie; and the medical officer who accompanied this Mission—namely, Dr. F. Sullivan, M.D., Assistant Colonial Surgeon of the Gold Coast Colony—took a series of photographs of the town, the King's palace, and the most important Ashantee personages, which we are permitted to copy in our Engravings. Dr. Sullivan, while at Coomassie, opened a charitable hospital for the relief of native sick patients, and was called "Amagashi Bruni," the White Medicine-man, by the grateful Ashantee people. Much credit is due to Captain Barnett for the satisfactory result of the Mission. In one of our Illustrations, Princess Yawa-Kiah and her daughters are making "a morning call" on the Commissioner; in another, his visitor is the noble Chief Bantama Awuah, General of the Ashantee army.

MR. ANDREW LANG ON FOLK-LORE.

At the annual meeting of the Folk-Lore Society, held on Dec. 6 in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, in Albemarle-street, Mr. Andrew Lang was installed as president in succession to the Earl of Strafford, who has resigned.

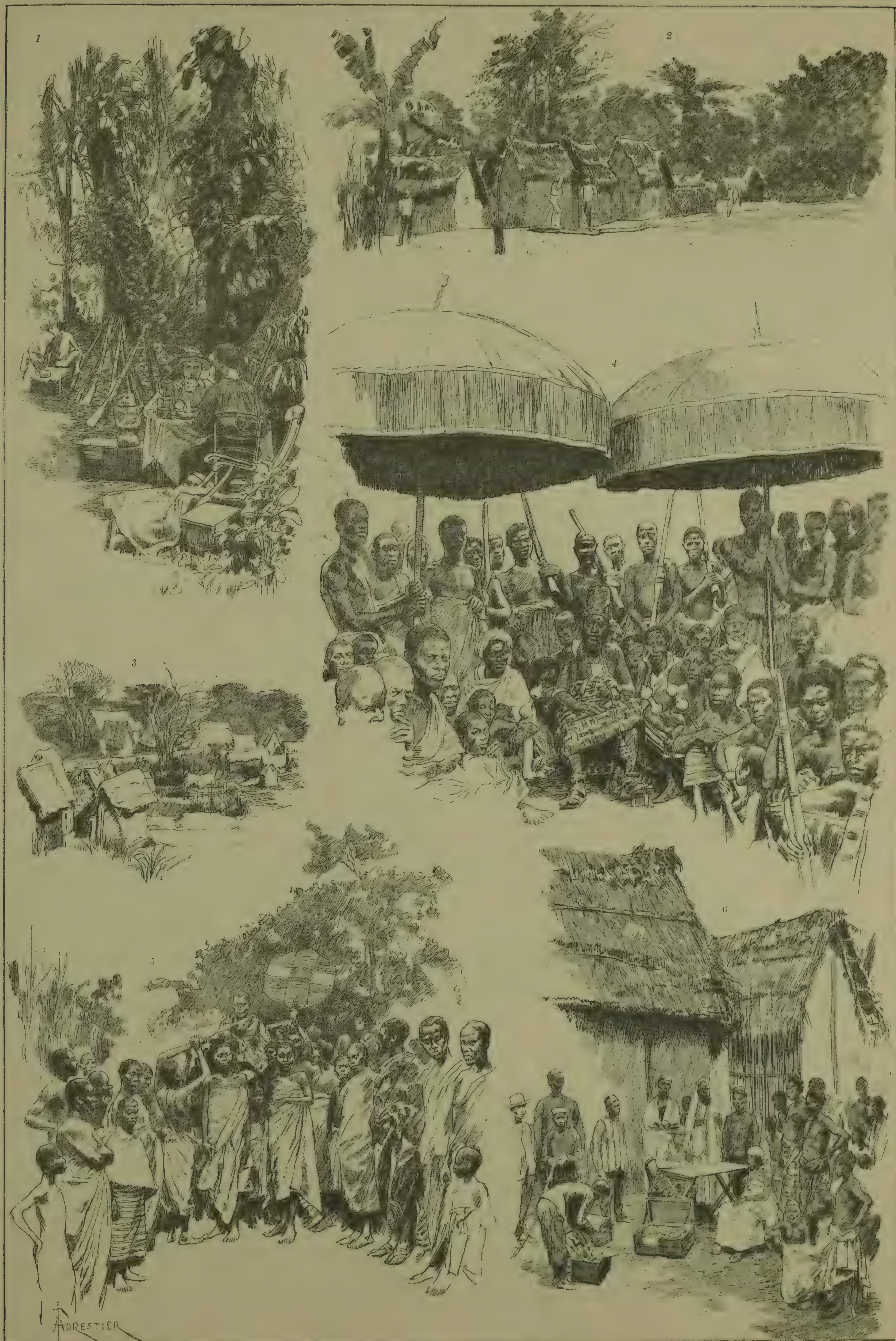
In his opening address Mr. Lang congratulated the members upon the work already achieved by the society, particularly mentioning the publication of Signor Compagnotti's "Book of Sindbad" and Mr. Nutt's "Legend of the Holy Grail," the latter of which, he said, enabled us to answer, so far as it can be answered, the question which we have asked ourselves ever since we read Malory in our early days—namely, whence come the things which are there narrated.

The subject of folk-lore was a vast one, and the more he thought upon it, the more it puzzled him. A plea had been made in favour of treating it as a science, but directly they treated it as a science they trench upon the ground of other societies. For instance, one branch of study which might be pursued came strictly within the province of the Psychological Research Society, and that was the comparison of ordinary ghost stories, such as one might hear told at Christmas-time, with the ghost stories in the records of the past. He himself had once gone into the subject of the Beresford ghost story, which had been adapted by Sir Walter Scott in ballad form, and he had traced it back through a number of mediæval sermons to William of Malmesbury. From this he inferred either that ghosts had certain fixed habits, or that old stories were adapted with trifling alterations.

This led him to the subject of the tendency of the human mind to invent the same stories, and the question how far such stories were invented separately, and how far they were transmitted and handed down from a common centre. Thus, he had ascertained from a friend of his who had lived in New Caledonia that the Kanukas had a story of a lady of the woods to see whom was a presage of death; and precisely the same legend was to be found in the ballad of "The Sieur de Nan," translated from a Breton original by Mr. Tom Taylor.

Among other subjects was that of popular etymologies. The theory of the philologists was that expressions arose of which the meaning was forgotten, but that they remained in the language, and in consequence people invented stories to account for them. There was the modern slang expression "oof-bird," for instance. He understood that it referred in some way to the accumulation of wealth. It might be argued that "oof" was a corruption of the French "œuf," an egg, and that reference was made to the goose with the golden eggs. Was it likely that men would go on talking of the "oof-bird" after the meaning of the expression was forgotten?

He suggested as a possible definition of folk-lore that it was a small department or branch of the science of anthropology. In one sense, it might be said that folk-lore was at an end. The origin of most customs and superstitions could be readily accounted for. Thus, the superstition about thirteen persons sitting down to table referred to the Lord's Supper; and Friday was held to be unlucky because that was the day on which Our Lord was crucified. On the other hand, when they came to think of the difficulties of transmission of the popular tales or *Märchen* of the world, many of which existed in practically the same form among all races of mankind, they might say that they were only at the beginning of the subject. An object to which they might usefully devote themselves was the collection of the folk stories of Great Britain. This would enable them to determine whether there were not more than three belonging specially to this country—namely, Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Jack and the Beanstalk.



1. A Halt in the Adawal Country.
4. A Morning Call.

2. Residence of English Commissioners at Adwabin.
5. A Royal Princess and her Party.

3. Part of Coomassie as it now is.
6. Medical Officer of the Mission Treating the Sick at Coomassie.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.



this way, unexpected and tragical, arrived our chance of escape. We walked to Carlisle Bay by way of the sea-shore, so that we might be met by none, and in order that the bloodhounds (if they should use them) in the morning might be thrown off the track. On the march that stout and lusty wench who carried one end of the bed neither called for a halt nor complained of the burden she

carried all the way. It was night unto midnight when we arrived at the creek in which the boat lay sunk. This was within a stone's throw of John Nuthall's cottage, where were bestowed the mast, sails, oars, and gear, with such provisions

as he had gotten together for the voyage. The man was sleeping when Barnaby called him, but he quickly got up, and in less than an hour we had the boat hauled out of the water, the provisions hastily thrown in, the mast stepped, our sick man and the two women placed in the bows, the stern and middle of the boat being encumbered with our provisions, we had pushed down the muddy and stinking creek, we had hoisted sail, and we were stealing silently out of Carlisle Bay under a light breeze. Three or four ships were lying in the bay; but either there was no watch kept aboard or it was no one's business to hail a small sailing-boat going out, probably for fishing at dawn. Besides, the night was so dark that we may very well have escaped notice. However that might be, in a quarter of an hour we were well out at sea, beyond the reach of the guns of Carlisle Bay, no longer visible to the ships in port, and without any fear of being seen until day-break. And, happily, the wind, which sometimes drops altogether in the night, still continued favourable, though very light.

"My lads," said Barnaby presently, drawing a long breath, "I verily believe that we have given them the slip this time. In the morning they will go forth, as they please, with their bloodhounds to hunt for us. Madam's eyes mean hanging. Well, let them hunt. If any inquiry is made for us at the Bridge, no boat will be missing, and so no suspicion will be awakened. They will, I suppose, search for us among the caves and ravines of which I have heard, where there are hiding-places, to be sure, in plenty, but no water to drink, so that the poor devils who run away and seek a refuge there are speedily forced to come out for water, and so are caught or shot down. Well, they will hunt there a long time before they find us. This boat makes a little water, but I think not much. If she proves water-tight, and the breeze holds, by daylight we should be well to the south of the island. Courage, therefore! All will be well yet! How goes Robin?"

He was lying as easily as we could manage for him—one rug over him and another under him. Alice sat on one side of him, and the woman Deb on the other. Then, because the boat was heavy in the bows, and sometimes shipped a little water when she dipped in the waves, Barnaby rigged up a tarpaulin to prevent this; and (but this was not till next day) over the tarpaulin he made out of a rug and an oar a low tilt which, unless the weather grew bad, might shelter those three by night from dew and spray, and by day from the sun overhead and the glare and heat of the water.

"Deb," he said presently, softly, "art afraid?"

"No, Sir—not while my mistress is here." (She meant Alice.)

"If we are taken, Deb, we shall all be flogged wellnigh unto death, and very likely hanged as well. Remember that."

"I am not afraid, Sir."

"And we may spring a leak," said Barnaby, "and so go all to the bottom and be devoured. Art not afraid to die?"

"No, Sir—not if I may hold my mistress by the hand so that she may take me whither she goeth herself."

"Good," said Barnaby. "As for me, I expect I shall have to go alone, or take hands with John Nuthall here. Well, there will be a round half-dozen of us. Go to sleep, my girl! In the morning we will serve round the first ration, with, perhaps, if all be well, a dram of cordial."

In the dim light of the stars I watched all night the three figures in the bow. Robin lay white and motionless; Alice sat, covered with her hood, bending over him; and Deb, from whose head her coil had fallen, lay, head on arm, sound asleep. She had no fear, any more than a common soldier has when he goes into action, because he trusts his Captain.

Thus began our voyage: in an open boat, twenty feet long, with a company of three sound men, two women, and a sick man. For arms, in case we needed them, we had none at all. If any ship crossed our track and should call upon us to surrender we could not deny that we were escaped convicts, because the dress of all but one proclaimed the fact. Who, in such a climate, would choose to wear a coarse shirt and canvas breeches, with a Monmouth cap, except it was a servant or a slave who had no choice, but must take what is given him?

But we would not surrender, come what might. If we could neither fight nor fly, we could sink. Said Barnaby in the dead of night, whispering in my ear. "Lad, 'tis agreed between us; we will have that clear: sooner than be taken we will scuttle the ship, and so sink all together. If 'tis accounted murder, let the blame lie between us two."

A little before daybreak the breeze freshened, and the waves began to rise; but not so high as to threaten the boat, which proved, indeed, a most gallant little craft, dancing over the waters as if she enjoyed being driven by the breeze. Some boats, as sailors will tell you (being always apt to compare their craft with living creatures) come thus, frolic and sprightly, from their makers' hands; while others, built of the same material and on the same lines, are, on the contrary, and do always remain, heavy and lumpish; just as some children are lively and gay, while others, born of the same parents, are dull and morose.

Then the sun rose, seeming to leap out of the water, a most glorious ball of fire which instantly warmed the cool air

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and began to burn and scorch our hands and faces. In these hot latitudes, one understands what the ancients meant when they spoke with dread and awe of the Sun-God, who both gives and destroys life, and is so beneficial and yet so terrible. We, who live in a cold country, are sometimes greatly comforted by the sun, but are never burned; we feel his warmth, but understand not his power.

Then Barnaby began to gaze curiously all round the horizon. We had no glass or telescope; but his eyes were to him as good as any telescope is to most men.

"Thank the Lord!" he said, drawing breath (it was rare, indeed, for Barnaby thus openly to give praise), "there is no sail in sight. To be sure we have the day before us. But yet"—Here he began to talk, as some men use when they desire to place before their own minds, clearly, the position of affairs. "Very well, then—Barbados lying now thirty miles and more nor'-east by north—vessels bound for the island from Bristol commonly sailing round the north—very well, then—we are well out of their track. Yet—there again—some are driven south by stress of weather. Ay, there is our danger. Yet again, if a vessel should see us, would she bear down upon us? I greatly doubt it. Why should she? The wind will continue—that is pretty sure. If they were to discover that we had gone off by boat, would they sail after us? Why—whom could they send? And whither would they steer? And what boat have they which would overtake this little craft with twelve hours' start? Humphrey, lad"—he turned upon me his broad and sunburnt face, full of cheerfulness—"we are not within many hours of scuttling yet. Heart up, then! A tight boat, a fair wind, a smooth sea—let us hope for the best! How goes Robin?"

There was no change in Robin, either for better or for worse.

"Sis," said Barnaby; "art sleeping still, Sis? Wake up, and let us eat and drink, and be jolly! What! Alice, I say! Why—we have escaped! We have escaped the cursed plantation! We are far away at sea! Let us laugh and sing. If there were room in this cockle, I would dance also!"

She lifted her head, and threw back her hood. Ah! what a mournful face was there!

"Brother!" she said reproachfully, "canst thou, after what has happened, laugh and sing? Hast thou forgotten last night?"

"Why, no," he replied. "One must not forget last night, because it was the night of our escape. All else, I own, I can forget. Let it not stick in thy gizzard, my dear, that the man frightened thee. Rejoice rather that the villain thus afforded me a chance of giving him a taste of his own cold iron. Now he lieth low, with little taste for kisses, I take it."

"Nay, Brother," she said, shaking her head. Then she looked round her. "We are a long way from the land," she said. "When will they send out a ship to bring us back?"

"Why, d'ye see," Barnaby replied, "give us twelve hours more, and they may send out all their fleet, if they have one, and sail the wide world round for us, and yet not capture us. And now let us overhaul the provisions, and examine the ship's stores." Alice pulled her hood down again, and said no more. The woman Deb was now wide awake, and staring about her with a show of the greatest satisfaction.

"Come, John Nuthall," Barnaby went on, "we are hungry and thirsty. Where is the list I made for thee? Thou art our purser, our supercargo, our cook, and our steward; thou art also our bo's'n and carpenter, and half the crew. Where is my list, I say? Give it me, and we will overhaul the stores. Look up, Sis; never cry over what is done and over. What? A villain hath received a lesson which will serve for many other villains, and thou hangest thy head, therefore? Look up, I say. There is now hope for all. Look up, my dear, and laugh. What? Thou shalt merrily dance at my wedding yet."

Then he read the list and examined each parcel with great care.

"A hundred and a half of bread, a soft cheese, a bunch of plantains, a keg of water (nine gallons), six bottles of Canary (not one broken), a compass, a half-hour glass, a spare rug ('tis over Robin's legs), flint and steel, a handy bit of tarpaulin, a hatchet and hammer, a saw, some nails, a spare oar or two, a coil of rope and yarn, a lump of tobacco (we can chew it, though I would rather put it into a pipe), a lantern, candles—faugh! they are run together in a lump; well, they will serve to caulk the bottom presently."

We had, in fact, no light during our voyage, but the tallow proved useful when—I think it was the next day—the boat started a leak.

This was all our store. 'Twas not much for six people, but Barnaby hoped that the voyage would be short. If he should be disappointed, who would not put up with short rations for a day or two for the sake of freedom?

"And now," he said, when everything was stowed according to his mind, "we will have breakfast. Our provisions are no great things; but, after the accursed lob-lollie, a bit of bread and cheese will be a feast."

A feast indeed it was, and our Captain gratified us further by opening a flask of canary, which raised all our hearts. Strange, that men should be able to recover their spirits, which should be independent of bodily comforts, by a dram of wine. As for Barnaby, I thought he would have kissed the bottle, so tenderly did he hold it and so affectionately did he regard it.

"It is now three months and more," he said, "that we have had nothing save, now and then, a sup of kill-devil fresh from the still, and now we are mercifully permitted to taste again a glass of canary. 'Tis too much!" he sighed, drinking his ration drop by drop. "Well, we have but a few bottles, and the voyage may be longer than we hope; therefore we must go upon short allowance. But fear not, Sis: there shall always be enough for Robin, poor lad."

He then proceeded to tell us what he intended, and whither he would steer.

"We have no chart," he said. "What then? I can draw one as good as they are made to steer by in these seas." He could not draw one, because he had no paper or pencil; but he carved one with the point of his knife on the seat, and marked out our course upon it day by day. "See," he said: "here is Barbados. Very well then. Our course all night hath been sou'-west. She now makes about five knots an hour. It is now eight, I take it; and we must therefore be about forty miles from Barbados. To-morrow morning we should make the Grenadilles, which are a hundred and fifty miles from Carlisle Bay. Hark ye! Here is our danger. For there may be a Bristol vessel sailing from Great Grenada to Barbados, or the other way. That would be the Devil. But such ships are rare, for there is no trade that I know of, between the two islands. Well, we will give Grenada as wide a berth as may be." Here he considered a little. "Therefore, 'twill be our wiser plan to bear more to the south. Once south of Grenada, I take it, there will be no more danger at all. Off the main of South America, the sea is covered with islands. They are No-Man's Land: inhabitants have they none: navigators, for the most part, know them not: English, French, and Spanish ships come never to these islands. My purpose, therefore, is to put in at Great Margaritos or Tortuga for rest and fresh water, and so presently hoist sail again and make for the Dutch island of Curacao."

"And after that?"

"There, my lad, we shall take ship to some country where

a Protestant sailor may get a berth and a physician may find patients. It must be to Holland first; but, never fear, we shall get back to England some time. Our turn will come; and perhaps we will fight another battle with his Papistical Majesty, and find a different tale to tell afterwards."

As the day advanced, the coast of Barbados continually receded, until, before sunset, the island lay like a purple cloud low down in the horizon. The north-east breeze blew steadily, but the sun caused a most dreadful heat in the air, and our cheeks burned and our eyes smarted from the glare of the water and the spray that was blown upon us. It was at this time that Barnaby constructed the tilt of which I have spoken. The sea lay spread out round us in a broad circle, of which our boat was the centre, and the cloudless blue sky lay over us like unto a roof laid therefor us alone. It is only in a ship one doth feel thus alone, in the centre of creation; even as if there were nothing but the sea around, the sky above, and our boat in the centre. Thus must the Patriarch Noah have felt when his ark floated upon the vast face of the water, and even the tops of the high hills were hidden and covered over. All day long Barnaby scanned the horizon anxiously; but there came into sight no sail or ship whatever. To us, who sometimes see the vessels lying in a crowded port, and hear how they bring argosies from every land, it seems as if every part of the ocean must be covered with sails driving before the wind from whatever quarter it may blow. But he who considers the "Mappa Mundi" will presently discover that there are scattered about vast expanses of sea where never a sail is seen, unless it be the fugitive sail of the pirate or the bark canoe of the native. These are the seas outside the lines of trade. We were now nearing such a lonely sea or part of the ocean. Barnaby knew, what the planters did not, how to steer across the unknown water to a port of safety beyond.

At mid-day our Captain served out another drink of water, with a plantain, and to Robin I gave a sop of bread in canary, which he seemed, to my surprise, to suck up and to swallow with readiness.

In such a voyage, where there is nothing to do but to keep the ship on her course and to watch the horizon for a strange sail, one speedily falls into silence, and sits many hours without speech; sometimes falling asleep, lulled by the ripple of the water as the boat flies through it.

I have said nothing about the man, John Nuthall. He was a plain, honest-looking man, and we found him throughout all this business faithful, brave, and patient, obedient to Barnaby, and of an even temper and contented with his share. That he had formerly been a thief in his native country cannot be denied, but I hope that we shall not deny to any man the power and possibility of repentance.

Barnaby divided the crew—namely, himself, John Nuthall, and me—into three watches of eight hours each, of which each man kept two at a stretch. Thus, beginning the day at noon, which was the only time we knew for certain, Barnaby would himself (but this was after the first two days) lie down in the bottom of the boat and sleep till sunset or a little later. Then John Nuthall lay down and took his turn of sleep till Barnaby thought it was four o'clock in the morning (but he reckoned, sailor fashion, by bells), when he woke him and I took his place and fell asleep. But for the first day or two, Barnaby slept not at all, and the whole of the voyage he slept as a good watch-dog sleeps, namely, with one eye always open.

At sunset he gave out another pannikin of cold water to each of us, a ration of bread and cheese, and a dram of wine. Then he commanded John Nuthall to lie down and sleep, while I took the tiller and he himself held the ropes. Then the night fell once more upon us.

Presently, while we sat there in darkness and in silence, Alice rose up from her seat, and came aft and sat down beside me. John Nuthall lay sleeping at our feet; Barnaby held the ropes, and I was at the helm.

"Humphrey," she whispered, "think you that he is truly dead?" She was speaking, not of Robin, but of the Master.

"I know not, my dear."

"I can think of nothing but of that man's sudden end, and of what may happen to us. Say something to comfort me, Humphrey! While we were on the estate you always had some good word to say, like manna for refreshment. Say something now. My soul is low in the dust—I cannot even pray."

"Why, my dear?" What could I say? "'Tis true that the man was struck down, and that suddenly. And yet"—

"Alas! to think that my own brother—that Barnaby—should have killed him!"

"As for that," said Barnaby, astonished, "if someone had to kill him, why not I as well as another? What odds who killed him?"

"Oh!" she said, "that a man should be called away at such a moment, when his brain was reeling with wine and wicked thoughts!"

"He was not dead," I told her (though I knew very well what must have been the end), "when we came away. Many a man recovers who hath had a sword-thrust through the body. He may now be on the mend—who can tell?" Yet I knew, I say, very well, how it must have ended. "Consider, my dear: this poor wretch tempted the wrath of God, if any man ever did. If he is destroyed, on his own head be it—not on ours. And if he should recover, he will have had a lesson which will serve him for the rest of his life. Whether he recover or no, he may have had time left him for something of repentance and of prayer. Why, Alice, if we get safely to our port we ought to consider the punishment of this sinner (which was in self-defence, as one may most truly say) the very means granted by Providence for our own escape. How else should we have got away? How else should we have resolved to venture all, even to carrying Robin with us?" All this, I repeat, I said in order to encourage her, because, if I knew aught of wounds, a man bleeding inwardly of a sword-thrust through his vitals would have short time for the collecting of his thoughts or the repentance of his sins, being as truly cut off in the midst of them as if he had been struck down by a thunderbolt. A man may groan and writhe awhile under the dreadful torture of such a wound, but there is little room left him for meditation or for repentance.

Then I asked her if, haply, she was in any fear as to the event of the voyage.

"I fear nothing," she told me, "except to be captured and taken back to the place whence we came, there to be put in prison and flogged. That is my only fear. Humphrey, we have suffered so much already that this last shame would be too great for me to bear. Oh! to be tied up before all the men, and flogged like the black women—'t would, indeed, kill me, Humphrey!"

"Alice," I said very earnestly, "art thou brave enough to endure death itself rather than this last barbarity?"

"Oh! Death!—death!" she cried, clasping her hands. "What is death to me, who have lost everything?"

"Nay, but consider, my dear. To die at sea—it means to sink down under the cold water out of the light of day; to be choked for want of air; perhaps to be devoured quick by sharks; to lie at the bottom of the water, the seaweed growing over your bones; to be rolled about by the troubled waves—"

"Humphrey, these are old wives' tales. Why, if it had



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Barnaby rigged up a tarpaulin; over this he made, out of a rug and a spare spar, a low tilt.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

been lawful I would have killed myself long ago. But I must not lose heaven as well as earth. A brief pang it is to die, and then to be happy for ever. What do I care whether the seaweed covers my bones or the cold clay? Oh! Humphrey, Humphrey, why should I care any longer to live?"

"My dear," I said, "if we escape in safety there may yet be happiness in store. No man knoweth the future." She shook her head. "Happiness," I told her, "doth not commonly come to man in the way which he most desires and prays. For if he obtain the thing for which he hath so ardently prayed, he presently finds that the thing bringeth not the joy he so much expected. Or it comes too late, as is the case often with honours and wealth, when one foot is already in the grave. I mean, my dear, that we must not despair because the thing which most we desire is taken from us. Perhaps we ought not to desire anything at all, except what the Lord shall provide. But that is a hard saying, and if men desired nothing it is certain that they would no longer work for anything." I talked thus at length to divert her mind from her troubles. "To thee, poor child," I said, "have been given afflictions many and great—the loss of godly parents, the imposition of a husband whom thou must avoid, and the deprivation of earthly love. Yet since thou art so brave, Alice, I will tell thee—I thought not, indeed, to tell thee anything of this."

"What, Humphrey? What?"

"Briefly, then, Alice. Know that, whatever happens, thou shalt not be taken alive."

"How? unless you kill me?"

"We are resolved, my dear—Barnaby and I—that if we cannot escape any vessels which may pursue us, the boat shall be sunk, and so we shall all drown together. Indeed, Alice, I confess that I am not myself so much in love with life as to return to that captivity and intolerable oppression from which we have gotten away. Therefore, be assured, we will all drown rather than be taken and go back."

"Oh!" she sighed, but with relief, "now shall I fear nothing. I have not lost everything, since I have thee still—and Barnaby. Alas! my head has been so full of what Madam said—that we should be certainly caught, and all of us flogged. To be flogged! Who would not rather die?" she shivered and trembled. "To be flogged!—Humphrey, I could not bear the shame!" She trembled and shivered at the very thought.

"Fear not, my dear," I said; "thou knowest, now, that we on the boat love thee too well to suffer that extreme of barbarity. Put that fear out of thy mind. Think only that we may have to die, but that we shall not be taken. To die, indeed, will very likely be our fate: for we have but a quarter of an inch of frail wood between us and the sea. If a storm should arise, we fill with water and go down; if the wind should drop, we are becalmed, and so perish miserably of hunger and thirst; if Barnaby steer not aright!"

"Humphrey," said Barnaby, "fill not her foolish and ignorant head with rubbish. 'Tis not the time of tornadoes, and there will be no storm. The wind at this season never drops, therefore we shall not lie becalmed. And as for my steering aright, why—am I a lubber?"

"Brother," she said, "if I am not to be flogged, the rest concerns me little. Let us say no more about it. I am no v. easy in my mind. Robin sleeps, Humphrey. He hath slept since the sun went down, and this afternoon he looked as if he knew me. Also, he took the bread sopped in Canary eagerly, as if he relished it."

"These seas," said Barnaby, "are full of sharks."

I knew not what he meant, because we were speaking of Robin.

"Sharks have got sense, as well as sailors," he went on.

Still, I understood him not.

"When a man on board a ship is going to die, the sharks find it out and they follow that ship until he does die and is flung overboard. Then they devour his body and go away, unless there is more to follow. I have looked for sharks, and there are none following the boat; wherefore, though I am not a doctor, I am sure that Robin will not die."

"I know not at all," I said, "how that may be. There are many things believed by sailors which are superstitions—fond beliefs nourished by the continual presence of perils. On the other hand, the senses of man are notoriously as far below those of creatures as their intellects are above them (yet a skilful man may read the premonition of death in a sick man's face). Therefore I know not but that a shark may have a sense like unto the eye of a hawk or the scent of a hound, with which to sniff the approach of death afar off. Let us comfort ourselves, Alice, with Barnaby's assurance."

"'Tis a well proved and tried thing," said Barnaby; "and sailors, let me tell thee, Master Doctor, have no superstitions or idle beliefs."

"Well, that may be. As to Robin's disease, I can pronounce nothing upon it. Nay, had I the whole library of Padua to consult I could learn nothing that would help me. First, the mind falls into a languishing and spiritless condition. That, I apprehend, causeth the body to lie open to attacks of any disease which may be threatening. Then, the body, being ill at ease, works upon the mind, and causes it to wander beyond control. So that the soul, which is bound up with body and mind, cannot show herself or manifest her will. It is the will which shows the presence of the soul: the will which governs body and mind alike. But if I know aught of disease, if a change comes upon Robin it will either swiftly cure or swiftly kill."

"Humphrey," she whispered, "if he recover, how shall I meet his face? How shall I reply when he asks me concerning my promise and my vows to him?"

"My dear, he knows all. 'T was that knowledge, the pity of it, and the madness of it—believe me—which threw him into so low a condition."

"I have looked daily for reproaches in thy kind eyes, Humphrey. I have found none, truly. But from Robin—oh! I dare not think of meeting those eyes of his."

"Reproach thee will he never, Alice. Sorrow and love, I doubt not, will lie in his eyes all his life. What thou hast done was for him and for thy father and thy brother and for all of us. But, oh! the pity—and the villainy! Fear not to meet the poor lad's eyes, Alice."

"I long to see the light of reason in those dear eyes—and yet I fear. Humphrey, I am married; but against my will. I am a wife, and yet no wife; I am resolved that, come what may, I will never, never go to my husband. And I love my Robin still—oh!" she sobbed, "I love my Robin still!"

"If we die," I told her, "you shall go down with your arm round his neck, and so you shall die together."

Then we sat silent a while.

"My dear," I said, "lie down and take some sleep."

"I cannot sleep, Humphrey, for the peace of mind which hath fallen upon me. If Robin now come to his senses again I shall not fear him. And the night, it is so peaceful—so cool and so peaceful!"—the wind had now dropped, till there was barely enough to fill the sail, and only enough way on the boat to make a soft murmur of the water along her sides. "The sea is so smooth; the sky is so bright and so full of stars. Can there be, anywhere, a peace like this? Alas! if we could sail still upon a silent and peaceful ocean! But we must land

somewhere. There will be men, and where there are men there is wickedness, with drink and wrath and evil passions—such as we have left behind us. Humphrey—oh! my brother Humphrey!—it would be sweet if the boat could sink beneath us now, and so, with Robin's hand in mine, we could all go together to the happy land, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

From beneath the tilt there came a voice—I verily believe it was an answer sent straight from heaven to comfort this poor faithful soul. "Alice"—it was the voice of Robin, in his right mind at last. "Alice," he said, "we will continue to love each other, yet without sin."

"Oh, Robin! Robin!" she moved quickly to his side and fell upon her knees. "Robin, thou wilt recover!"

"Stay," I interposed. "Robin will first have a cup of cordial."

"I have been sleeping," he said: "I know not what hath happened. We are in a boat, it seems, and on the open sea! Unless I am still dreaming, we are slaves to a planter in Barbados! And this is Alice—who was in England? and I know not what it means!"

"You have been ill, Robin," I told him. "You have been nigh unto death. Many things have happened of which we will speak, but not now. Alice is at your side, and Barnaby is navigating the boat. Drink this cup of wine—so—sleep now: and in the morning, if it please Heaven, you shall be so strong that you shall hear everything. Ask no more questions, but sleep. Give him your hand, Alice."

She obeyed me, sitting at his side and taking his hand in hers, and so continued for the rest of the night, Robin sleeping peacefully.

In a word, he was restored. The fresh sea-breeze had brought him back to life and reason; and though he was still weak, he was now as sound in his mind as any man could desire to be. And in the morning we told him all that had been done, whereat he marvelled.

Alice might love him still. That was most true, yet between them stood a man, and he was a barrier which could not be removed. So Robin could not wed the girl he loved. Why, there was another man in the boat who also loved a girl he could never wed. His passion, I swear, was full of constancy, tenderness, and patience. Would Robin be as patient?

When the day broke again we were still sailing over a lonely sea with never a sail in sight, and never a sign of land.

But now Robin was sitting up under the tilt, his face pale and his cheek wasted. But the light of reason was in his eyes, and on his lips such a smile of tenderness as we were wont to see there in the days of old.

"Said I not," cried Barnaby, "that he would recover? Trust the sharks for common-sense. And again an open sea, with never a sail in sight. Praise the Lord, therefore!"

But Alice, when the sun rose above the waves, threw back her hood and burst forth into joyous singing:—

O Lord, how glorious is thy grace,
And wondrous large thy love!
At such a dreadful time and place,
To such a faithful prove.

The tears came into my eyes only to see the change that had fallen upon her gracious, smiling countenance. It was not, truly, the sweet and happy face that we remembered before her troubles fell upon her, but that face somewhat older, and graver with the knowledge of evil and of pain. And it was like unto such a face as I have seen painted on many an altar-piece in Italy, the face of some sweet woman, a saint glorified with gratitude and love.

Then the woman Deb fell to weeping and blubbering for very joy that her mistress looked happy again. 'T was a faithful loving creature.

"Humphrey," said Alice, "forgive me that I murmured. Things that are done cannot be undone. Robin is restored to us. With three such brothers, who would not be content to live? I hope, now, that I shall get safely to our port; but if we die, we shall die contented, in each other's arms. Going through the Vale of Misery," she added softly, "we will use it as a well."

(To be continued.)

NEW TALE BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

The first instalment of a New Serial Story, of absorbing interest, entitled *CLEOPATRA (being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand)*, written by H. RIDER HAGGARD expressly for this Paper, and Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, will be given in the Number for Jan. 5, 1889, beginning a New Volume.

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MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The shilling series of "Burlington Music-Books," published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., is being carried on with continuous interest. A recent number consists of "Dance Album," comprising spirited pieces in the styles of waltz, quadrille, polka, schottische, and mazurka. Another issue consists of "Popular Songs," among which are compositions by Gounod, Steindler, Bennett, Blumenthal, &c. Messrs. Cocks and Co.'s recent vocal publications include some pleasing songs; among them being "King Weathercock," by J. L. Roeckel, a simple but pretty melody; "None know how I love thee!" by Tito Mattei, the eminent pianist, who has recently taken a prominent place as a composer of successful songs, among which that now specified deserves to rank.

The Christmas number of Chappell's *Musical Magazine* contains a very liberal shilling's-worth of sprightly dance music of various forms and by well-known hands. Waltzes and quadrilles based on themes from the popular opera "Dorothy," adapted by P. Bucalossi; pieces bearing the same name and dances by D. Godfrey, C. D'Albert, and others, make up a collection that will be serviceable and welcome in numerous circles.

"Ma Bella Napoli" is the title of a vocal duet, being an arrangement, by Mrs. Harvey (of Beckwell-Bury), of a Neapolitan melody—with Italian words. The music of the voice part has the soft melodious flow of the genuine Italian style, and it is associated with an appropriate and effective piano-forte accompaniment. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers.

"The Auld Scotch Songs" is the title of a volume containing a collection of national airs (with their texts) arranged and harmonised by Sinclair Dunn, who has judiciously selected those which have been most popular with the public during the present century. Some of the pieces have been arranged as duets for medium voices; and a list of contents is supplemented by a glossary of Scottisms which will be acceptable to many. Messrs. Morrison Brothers, of Glasgow, are the publishers.

"The Tribute of the Flowers" is the title of a cantata for two solo voices (soprano and tenor), chorus, and orchestra. The text is by Nita Guzman. The music, which is by Claude Dupré, is bright and tuneful; and the cantata in its published shape—that is, with the orchestral score adapted for the piano-forte—is well calculated for amateur performance in the drawing-room. Messrs. Hutchinsons and Romer are the publishers; as also of the following songs, which may all be commended for their agreeable melodiousness and freedom from executive difficulty:—"In Paradise" (with the addition of an ad libitum violin accompaniment), by Odoardo Barry; "Stars love the night," by Tito Mattei; "Good-bye; but come again," by Carl Engel; "Yes, please!" (canzonet), by Ciro Pinsuti; and "Consider the lilies" (a beautiful sacred song, arranged from "Le Calme"), by Gounod.

"The Bells of Elsinore," is the title of a cantata for ladies' voices, written by Edward Oxenford and composed by Edmund Rogers (published by Messrs. Forsyth Brothers). The music comprises twelve numbers, including some two-part choruses, and several pieces for solo voices. They are written in a bright melodious style, free from difficulty, and are well adapted for drawing-room performance.

"A Wild Night" is the title of a song of a declamatory kind, the agitated sentiment of which is enhanced by occasional passages of dramatic force in the accompaniment. In "The Parting Hour" some sentimental lines by Clement Scott have been well set by Ernest Birch, who has allied a very expressive melody to an appropriate but not obtrusive accompaniment. Both the songs just named are published by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, as is an effective song entitled "Peace and War," the words and music of which, by Michael Watson, comprise some good suggestive contrasts. Messrs. Hopkinson are continuing their very cheap "Grosvenor Series of Part Songs," the contents of which are of a varied and attractive nature.

"Twenty-five Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte," by Georges Pfeiffer, are exercises, composed by a distinguished Professor, intended as introductory to Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum" and Bach's Preludes and Fugues; the pieces by M. Pfeiffer (classed as his Opus 108) being supplemental to his Studies (Op. 70). The pieces now specially referred to (Op. 108) are admirably suited for their intended purpose. Many of the varied forms of pianoforte passages are illustrated by examples, the practice of which cannot fail to lead to the pupil's improvement; indeed, the studies include much modern mechanism that is in advance of the style of the masters to whom they are intended as introductory. Among the studies of M. Pfeiffer are two of especial value—one in clear illustration of the now obsolete embellishments indicated, by abbreviated signs, in the music of the old masters; the other, an exercise for the left hand only. The studies are published by Mr. Ashdown, of Hanover-square, who has also issued a set of twelve similar pieces by Mr. Walter Macfarren; a series of exercises that are both valuable as practice and interesting in themselves. "The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales," edited and fingered by Mr. C. Gardiner, are calculated to insure proficiency in a branch of pianoforte playing that is too much neglected. These are also published by Mr. E. Ashdown, as are two pleasing pieces, "Au Cirque" and "Idylle," by Mr. Sidney Smith (well adapted for teaching purposes); "Amazonen-Ritt," a bright pianoforte solo, by that prolific composer, Fritz Spindler; "Un Aven," a graceful "melodie" for the pianoforte, by Signor Tito Mattei; and "Sabina," a characteristic minuet (with trio) by that clever pianist (of the Royal Academy of Music), Miss Margaret Gyde.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during the eleven months just completed 270,636 emigrants of British origin left the Kingdom, being 251 less than the number leaving in the same months of 1887. They were 163,725 English, 31,778 Scotch, and 72,133 Irish, as against 160,395, 32,798, and 77,691 respectively in 1887. The English emigration to the United States was 2863 less than in 1887, to Canada 2367 more, to Australasia 190 less, and to other places (which include South Africa) 4016 more. The Scotch emigration to the United States was 838 more, to Canada 1852 more, and to Australasia 785 less than in 1887, while the Irish was less by 2777 to the United States, by 971 to Canada, and 1600 to Australasia.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THIRTY PENCE; To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THIRTY PENCE; To India, THIRTY PENCE; To Japan, THIRTY PENCE; To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THIRTY PENCE; To Hong Kong, THIRTY PENCE; To Singapore, THIRTY PENCE. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The seasonable provision of handsome volumes, with more or less artistic decoration outside and inside, with attractive literary contents of prose or verse, new or old, and with illustrative and ornamental designs rendered by various processes, as well in colours as in black and white, fails not to anticipate the near festival of Christmas, when people like to give and receive presents, and the subsequent opportunity of New-Year's Day. We proceed to notice those of interest and value.

Nuremberg. By H. W. Longfellow. Illustrated with twenty-eight Photogravures by the Gebbie and Husson Company, Limited (Sampson Low and Co.).—One of the most characteristic and suggestive of the short poems, in which the genial American scholar expressed his sympathetic appreciation of the romantic and picturesque aspects of mediæval antiquity in Europe, is here reprinted on a stately scale. Each page, of fine thick paper, contains but one couplet, in fair capital letters, with ornamental devices, in red or blue ink, and outline drawings, by the Misses Mary and Amy Comegys; the initials being copied from various illuminated manuscripts of the fifteenth century. The frontispiece is Albrecht Dürer's portrait of himself; the other plates are views of Nuremberg architecture and sculpture, with portraits of the Emperor Maximilian and of Hans Sachs, and some of Albrecht Dürer's works.

A Book of Old Ballads. Illustrated by Alice Havers (Hildesheimer and Faulkner).—This elegant volume contains many favourite songs of comparatively modern date, composed by Moore, Burns, and other lyric poets known to late generations; but some are taken from Shakspeare's plays, or from Elizabethan and seventeenth-century literature. In the drawings by Miss Havers which accompany these pieces of verse, there is an effective grouping of figures, and in some of them an agreeable air of rustic simplicity. Mr. Ernest Wilson contributes a few beautiful sketches of rural scenery.

Birds in Nature. By R. Bowdler Sharpe, F.L.S., Zoological Department, British Museum; with Coloured Illustrations by P. Robert (Sampson Low and Co.).—Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, as a scientific British ornithologist, has been able from his own field observations to supply good descriptions of the birds common in these islands. For those belonging to other countries than Europe, he has judiciously borrowed from the writings of Mr. Henry Seebohm; and, in other instances, from Mr. W. H. Hudson or Mr. C. Dixon. The different species which are here depicted by M. Robert, in thirty-nine large coloured plates, are all found in the northern temperate zone; and many of them are our familiar acquaintance. The volume is adorned with decorative initial letters, and with small woodcuts at the ends of chapters.

The Mirror of the World. By Octave Uzanne; with 160 illustrations by Paul Avril (J. C. Nimmo).—The lively French author, who has written cleverly of "The Fan" and "The Sunshade," has learnt his philosophy of Montaigne, and from Rabelais the tricks of his garrulous style. He discourses, not unkindly nor unwisely, of the conventional pretences, the fatiguing bores, the delusions and disappointments of society; of dinner-parties and drawing-room parties; of literature, art, and sport; of pedantry, hypocrisy, and ambition; he devotes a chapter to gastronomy; but on the tranquil joys of home life, and of pure love, on the pleasures of travelling, on study and books, on rural retirement, contemplation, and reverie, he dwells with especial complacency. We should prefer reading him in French, but he is not ill-translated, and is well worth reading; his sentiments are the cream of a refined Epicurean science of happiness. The designs furnished by his artistic colleague are not less beautiful than ingenious; figures and groups engaged in characteristic actions, bits of landscape, interiors of houses, furniture and implements, and fantastic decorations, some of which are richly coloured or delicately tinted, adorn the volume throughout, but leave M. Uzanne free to pursue his original train of thought.

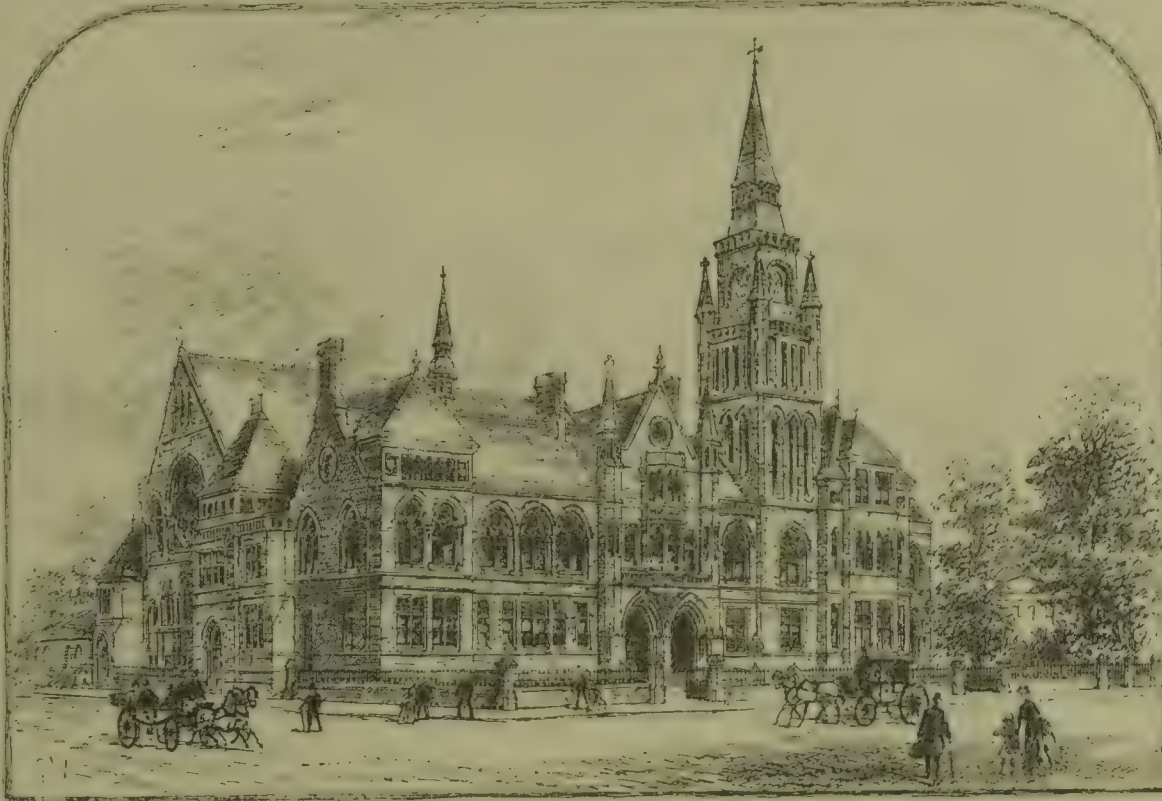
Endymion. By John Keats; illustrated by W. St. John Harper (Sampson Low and Co.).—As a poetical narrative, in the romantic spirit, dealing with a classical theme, "Endymion" has more depth of feeling and a finer grace than any work of the Italian Renaissance poets. Sensibility, with which its author was most richly endowed, and a vivid fancy, if not a powerful dramatic imagination, produced this charming tale, which is here presented with the accompaniment of highly artistic designs. Those representing entire scenes have somewhat the effect of many of Gustave Doré's, and may appear too sombre and majestic for the gentle strain of Keats; but the single faces are lovely; more than one of them is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever"; and nothing is unworthy of the noble poem which many still delight to read.

J. C. Hook, R.A.: His Life and Works. By F. G. Stephens (Art Journal Office).—The biography of an eminent living English artist, with critical notices of his most important pictures, is written by a competent author; but the most attractive feature of this publication is supplied by engravings, steel and wood, of many of Hook's paintings which we have admired at former Exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. By H. W. Longfellow. With Illustrations (Sampson Low and Co.).—The old colonial times of New England, especially in the seventeenth century, with the austere, quaint habits of the Puritan settlers, and their neighbourhood to wild Indian tribes, were calculated to afford themes of idyllic and romantic narrative, which Longfellow and Whittier have treated in verse. The story of Miles Standish, partly derived from a tradition of Longfellow's own ancestors, has probably more of historical truth than that of Evangeline; he at first took it in hand with a view to dramatic composition, but it appeared thirty years ago in its present form. This edition is the finest, in every respect, that has ever been produced; the illustrations, designed by Messrs. G. H. Boughton, F. T. Merrill, C. S. Reinhart, and other artists, are vigorous, true in character, and expressive of feeling; the introductory essay and the appended notes are serviceable; and few books can equal this in the quality of the paper and printing.

Galilee and the Jordan. By J. L. Porter, D.D., L.L.D. (T. Nelson and Sons).—The reverend and learned President of Queen's College, Belfast, who is the author of an acceptable work on "Jerusalem, Bethany, and Bethlehem," and of Murray's "Handbook to Syria and Palestine," having travelled with Bible in hand through the country associated with events of the deepest religious interest, presents an account of places that were the scene of Christ's earlier life and ministry. It may perhaps not seem to be the most convenient arrangement to set forth, in this instance, from Jerusalem, and to travel through Samaria to Galilee, as it reverses the order of events in the sacred biography; yet the reader can, if he so pleases, begin at page 41 with the general description of Galilee, follow the tour along the shores of its lake, and up the valley of the Jordan, and the mountain road to Cana and Nazareth, in which he will find Dr. Porter a trustworthy and instructive guide. There are more than 120 engravings, apparently from photographs, of the present aspects of those places.

The Rose-Garden. By William Paul, F.L.S. Ninth Edition (Kent and Co.).—Mr. Paul, of Waltham Cross, an eminent practical and scientific horticulturist, who has a European reputation as an authority on roses, published his treatise on the subject forty years ago. It has to a great extent been rewritten by him for this splendid edition, which may be obtained, at the purchaser's choice, either for one guinea, in royal quarto, with twenty very fine coloured plates, or at half-a-guinea, in imperial octavo, with the wood engravings only, sixteen in number. We decidedly recommend it be procured by every owner of a suitable garden who intends to cultivate the noblest and sweetest of our old favourite native flowers, the one most endeared to us, especially in England, by cherished domestic and literary associations. It is worth while also to choose the larger volume with the coloured pictures of roses, which will give much pleasure by lamp-light on the drawing-room table in winter evenings, and will remind everyone of the glorious bloom of summer; these are drawn by Messrs. W. H. Fitch, Worthington Smith, and other good botanical artists. Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S., adds an essay on "The Botany of the Rose," and Mr. Arthur Paul supplies an entomological treatise on the insects that visit this plant. We congratulate the veteran author on his completion of this important work.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL HALL, EALING, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, DEC. 15.

Twelve White Flowers. By Frances Livings and A. Livings (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.).—There is a taste for white flowers; and there are some occasions of deep interest in family and social life, where "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," which mean so much to the affections of those concerned, are wont to call for the exhibition of these emblematic blooms. The twelve species described by A. Livings, and delineated by Frances Livings, are the camellia, narcissus, eucharis, chrysanthemum, lily-of-the-valley, lapageria (from Chili) rose, anemone, clematis, sweet pea, azalea, and hellebore. The drawings are careful and truthful, and are well lithographed by Mr. Ben George, of Hatton-garden.

Album of Old Masters. (T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes).—This magnificent and luxurious volume, bound either in morocco, russia, or calf leather, with soft padded cover and splendid gilt edges and clasp, at very moderate prices, is intended for the reception of photographs. It has, therefore, no literary contents; but is adorned with nine small pictures of well-known designs by famous artists—Sir Edwin Landseer, J. W. M. Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Velasquez, Rubens, and Raphael. We cannot say much for these, but it is a grand photograph album.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanical Society, held on Dec. 8, twenty-four different kinds of spring flowering plants were shown, which had bloomed, and were gathered on the 8th in the open air in the gardens of the society.—With reference to the mildness of the weather, a young lady, Marjory Hull, aged eight, daughter of the Rector of Upper Standon Rectory, writes to the *Standard*, on Dec. 6, as follows: "When I was out for a walk this morning I picked such a lovely little bouquet for mother, and mother said it was such a wonderful one for the time of year that I ought to write and tell you about it. It had ox-eye daisies in it, wild geranium, knobweed, hemlock, white campion, a marguerite, and two very pretty little flowers, yellow and mauve, that I do not know the names of. We have violets and primroses in full bloom in our gardens."—Mr. Edward Roobotham, of Wirksworth, writing to the same paper on the same day, says: "I enclose three heads of asparagus, cut out of garden this day, grown in the open. I think it a remarkable evidence of the mild weather we are having in the Peak of Derbyshire."—Mr. M. T. Culley, of Coupland Castle, Wooler, North Northumberland, states "that he had a dish of tender and excellent green peas on Nov. 20, and on the 23rd one of globe artichokes from his garden, while primroses, polyanthus, foxglove, sweet peas, and roses were blooming abundantly."

THE JUBILEE MEMORIAL HALL, EALING.

The handsome public building at Ealing, of which we give an illustration, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday, Dec. 15, after which a Fancy-Dress Bazaar, in aid of the funds to defray the cost of this building, would be held on Wednesday, the 19th, and the two following days, under the patronage of Princess Christian and other ladies of rank. The Victoria Hall, as it will henceforth be called, has been erected as a commemoration of the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign, and the building is to be vested in the Local Board for the time being as trustees. It is designed to afford accommodation to the Local Board offices, and a Free Public Library. The proceeds arising from the letting of the hall, after payment of all necessary expenses, are to be devoted to the assistance of the various charitable and philanthropic institutions in Ealing, such as the Cottage Hospital or Almshouses. As there will be no capital expenses to meet in connection with the Hall, and, in fact, nothing beyond the ordinary costs of management, it is hoped that there will be a surplus profit of at least £200 per annum to dispose of in the way suggested. The building, which has cost about £5000, stands in front of the Baths in Uxbridge-road.

MR. SUTTON PALMER'S DRAWINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (160, New Bond-street) there is now on view a more than usually interesting collection of drawings, by Mr. Sutton Palmer, illustrative of two years' work among some of the finest scenery of the Highlands. On previous occasions we have noticed this artist's work among the English Lakes and along the Scottish Border, and have called attention to the main features of his work. It is, therefore, with renewed pleasure that we congratulate him upon a series of works in which his best qualities are brought to a higher degree of perfection than in any previous exhibition. Mr. Sutton Palmer excels especially in the true rendering of rushing water and liquid streams, in a delicate appreciation of broad sunlight, and in fine idea of outline and distance. In illustration of these powers, we may point respectfully to "The Falls of Orchy" (17); to the well-known view of that splendid gateway to Highland scenery (19), and depicted when

All in the 'Trossachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill;
or to the grand "Mass of Ben-venue" (55) towering over the peaceful stream, and, again, to the dark and lowering "Rocks of Glencoe" (11), looking apparently up the pass in the direction of Loch Etive. Although these may be taken as typical works of the artist's wide range, they give but very slight indications of his skill in the treatment of other and dissimilar scenes of beauty. We pass in rapid succession from the soft summer haze which overhangs "The Falloch" (6), near its entrance into Loch Lomond, to his almost wintry tower of the snow-covered "Ben Eay" (5) towering above Kinlochewe, or its still more imposing neighbour, "Ben Slioch" (16), which rises above Loch Maree. The wild Pass of Glencoe has had naturally great attractions for an artist endowed with so appreciative an eye as Mr. Sutton Palmer, and in "The Gloom of Glencoe" (28), "Loch Treachtean" (76), and a sketch entitled "Chasm and Crag" (45) we see how thoroughly he has been enthralled by the beauties of this wild spot. In a totally different key are pitched such scenes as that "By Loch Katrine's Shore" (23), in a full blaze of sunlight; "The Wandering Mist" (32), creeping over the loch and up the mountain sides; the beautiful stretch of country below "Loch Tay and Round Killin" (82) under the effects of sunshine and shower, and a scene full of real movement, "Leading to Loch Lomond" (77), when along the hill-side—

Torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite.

We must also mention as worthy of special notice "A Glean of Gold" (80), a touch of late autumn, which may make some tourists regret that they are back in towns and cities before the woods look their best; and a "Storm-swept Brae" (79), which may possibly lead other tourists to a different conclusion; the lovely sunny scene of "Glen Falloch" (61), the "Giant Man of Ben Slioch" (59), and an interesting work "O'er hill and heath" (63)—the only instance in which Mr. Sutton Palmer treats his clouds with any special attempt to give them prominence in his landscape. Taken as a whole, we can suggest no better way of recalling the best impressions of a Highland tour than is offered by this exhibition, and it may be of use as well as of interest to many a traveller to compare his own impressions with those of so delicate and accurate an observer as Mr. Sutton Palmer shows himself to be.

Mr. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., has been elected a Royal Academician, in the place of the late Mr. Frank Holl.

Tom Smith has sent, as a contribution to the Toy Fund, 22,000 of his celebrated Christmas crackers to be distributed among the poor children of the hospitals and workhouses of the metropolis.

Photographs of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. H. B. Conway are among the illustrations of the *Theatre* for December which is a good instalment of a serial always light and readable. "Macbeth on the Stage," by Frederick Hawkins, is the opening paper, and comes opportunely, in view of the approaching important revival of that great work.

The Italian Opera Company of Mr. Augustus Harris on Saturday night, Dec. 8, concluded a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where their performances have been a pronounced success. The opera given was "Les Huguenots," and the theatre was crowded. At the termination of the performance, Mr. Harris was presented with a massive silver bowl by the members of the company, who desired in this way to testify to their appreciation of the artistic and liberal manner in which the operas have been performed, and likewise to acknowledge the solicitude shown for their own comfort during the tour.



FROM LONDON TO THE RIVIERA AND ITALY: WITH VIEWS ON THE LINE TO BRINDISI, BY MONT CENIS, AND THE CORNICHE.

FROM LONDON TO ITALY.

The winter season sends a multitude of tourists and invalids to the Riviera or to Italy, where, amidst the most charming landscapes, in the first case, and with a climate of exceptional mildness, they escape our winter's gloom; beyond, in the fair land of Italy, they find at every step those works and monuments on which the eye of the artist, the connoisseur, or the student of history, romance, or antiquity must ever delight to dwell.

The writer, having visited the Riviera and Italy on several occasions, in the course of many winters, and having returned with restored health and with the brightest impressions of the principal places of interest, here proposes to notice these in the order of travel. It will be convenient to give a brief description of the different routes that may be chosen to reach either the Riviera or the inland towns of Italy, beginning, of course, with Paris. Everyone knows the journey from London to Paris, which is accomplished, now-a-days, most rapidly and comfortably, via Dover and Calais, and by the Northern of France Railway.

In order that this description should be as clear as possible, it is arranged in sections of lines:

SECTION 1: FROM PARIS TO MÂCON.

After Paris, the first station deserving of special attention is Fontainebleau, fifty-nine kilometres from Paris. This is a charming little town, celebrated for its historic palace, or castle, and its forest, the grandest in France. The Palace of Fontainebleau, which dates from St. Louis, is a magnificent pile. Most of the Kings of France, from Francis I. to Louis XIV., have dwelt there; and it was the favourite summer residence of Napoleon I. It contains paintings by the great masters, some superb tapestry, and objects of art of great value. We commend the choice recently made by M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, in selecting the Palace of Fontainebleau for his summer residence.

Next comes Dijon, which town contains the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, a splendid museum, and the cathedral of St. Bénigne, which is a remarkable edifice. After running through the famed vineyards of the Côte d'Or, the line reaches Mâcon, which is the junction of the Mont Cenis and Marseilles lines.

SECTION 2: MÂCON TO GENOA VIA LYONS AND MARSEILLES.

Pursuing our journey towards the French portion of the Riviera, we reach Lyons, which is the most important town in France after Paris, on account of its extent, the beauty of its monuments, and its population. Lyons is situated at the confluence of the rivers Rhône and Saône. The Bellecour, Perrache, and Terreaux quarters constitute the wealthier portion of the town, and contain several theatres, churches, historical monuments, the Exchange, the Art Palace, the Townhall, and the Prefecture. Lyons is the recognised centre of the silk trade of the world.

On leaving Lyons the line follows the left bank of the Rhône as far as Arles; and, after passing through the stony plains of the Crau, reaches Marseilles, a city founded by the ancient Phœcean Greek colonists, which is one of the largest and busiest commercial towns in Europe. It is the third town in importance in France, on account of the magnitude of its trade and dense population. The port and docks of Marseilles are the largest in the Mediterranean. Among the sights of Marseilles may be mentioned the Art Palace of Longchamp, an admirable piece of architecture; the Canebière, a grand street leading to the port, and celebrated for its handsomely-appointed cafés; the Prado, a fine walk 3400 metres in length, ornamented with plantain-trees; the Cathedral, in the later Byzantine style; and the Corniche promenade, skirting the seashore for a length of over four kilometres.

The line next reaches Toulon, the largest military port of France in the Mediterranean; and then La Pauline, whence a small line branches off to Hyères.

Here begins the Riviera. Hyères is a winter-resort famous for the mildness of its climate. The town and its outskirts are adorned with fine plantations of palm-trees. The line thence takes a north-easterly direction to St. Raphael, a much frequented winter resort. It was at this spot that Buonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, and hence he embarked for the island of Elba. Further on we come to Cannes, a most fashionable winter resort, frequented by a large number of English visitors. The town owes its exceedingly mild and even climate to its favourable situation at the foot of the Esterel mountains, which shelter it from the cold winds. The neighbouring hills are covered with pine-trees, whose health-giving fragrance fills the air around. Next to Cannes is Antibes, a fortified town, the Antipolis of the Phœceans, with its fine church, dating from the twelfth century; and we soon arrive at Nice.

Nice, founded by the Phœceans from Marseilles, is a town admirably situated on the Anges Bay. The renown of Nice is such that there is no need for dwelling here on the splendour of its villas, its exceptionally genial temperature, and the numerous and various amusements provided by the Municipality. Everyone has heard of the Carnival of Nice; of its Corso, its sport, yacht-races, &c. The walks in the Public Garden and the Promenade des Anglais, with their splendid mansions and villas, together with the beautiful gardens surrounding them, are a great sight. There are also some beautiful structures in the environs of Nice.

The line from Nice continues towards Villefranche, Beaulieu, Eza, and Monaco. The last-mentioned place—the capital of the principality of that name—is a small but picturesque town of 1500 inhabitants, built on a high headland. The palace and gardens, with their beds of beautiful plants, which can only be grown in hothouses in less fortunate climes, are deserving of a special visit. Close to Monaco is Monte Carlo, much frequented on account of its sea-bathing and its mild climate—not to mention its famous gaming-tables, the object of attraction to visitors of every nationality. The Casino offers its numerous visitors fair play, the excitement of the roulette-table and trente-et-quarante, besides attractions such as daily and extraordinary concerts and theatrical performances, got up with the support of the leading artistes of Paris. Finally, the pigeon-shooting there draws together the best shots in the world.

After crossing the Gorbio and Borigo torrents, we reach Mentone, a pretty town of 11,000 inhabitants, agreeably situated on the bay of the same name. The luxuriant vegetation of the country around, the beauty of its walks, the picturesque appearance of its buildings, together with its genial climate, have made the place the favourite resort of a large number of visitors, artists, tourists, and invalids.

On leaving Mentone, the train crosses the Franco-Italian border, and stops at Vintimiglia, where the Customs formalities have to be gone through.

The principal places of interest between Vintimiglia and Genoa are the following:—Bordighera, a small town of 2500 inhabitants, the heights of which command the grand prospect of the French Riviera as far as the Esterel mountains; Ospedaletto, a winter station created by a Lyons company; San Remo, a most picturesque town, pleasant and healthy,

with numerous promenades; Allassio, a winter resort specially frequented by English visitors; Albenga, containing ruins of Roman constructions; and finally, Savona, a town of 16,000 inhabitants, occupying a magnificent situation—the harbour is a very fine one.

SECTION 3: FROM MÂCON TO TURIN, VIA MONT CENIS.

The Mont Cenis line is remarkable for quick travelling, the boldness of its construction, and the wild grandeur of the country it runs through. Leaving Mâcon, the line runs to Bourg, which possesses the beautiful church of Brou, one of the finest in France; and to Culoz, the junction of the Geneva line. Shortly after leaving Culoz, the line approaches the Lake Bourget, which it skirts for nearly its entire length. Here is Aix-les-Bains, one of the most celebrated baths on the Continent, honoured during summer by the presence of our Queen Victoria and the British aristocracy. We next reach Chambéry, a pretty and interesting town, well worth a visit; next, after a picturesque ascent, Modane is reached. The train, at 5½ kilometres from Modane, enters the great Mont Cenis tunnel, which is 13,671 metres in length, connecting France and Italy. It took over thirteen years to construct this tunnel, and the cost reached nearly £3,000,000. On passing out of the tunnel we are on Italian soil; and after a very pleasant descent the train arrives at Turin.

Turin is one of the largest and most beautiful towns in the Italian kingdom. It is situated in the centre of a fertile plain, watered by the river Po. It is a pleasant and healthy city, and boasts of numerous and comfortable hotels. Turin is the point of intersection of the Milan, Venice, and Genoa lines, the latter of which extends throughout the length of Italy.

SECTION 4: FROM TURIN TO VENICE.

Leaving Turin, we enter the beautiful and fertile plains of Piedmont and Lombardy; and, after passing Novara, come to Milan. This noble city, the capital of Lombardy, numbers over 200,000 inhabitants, and is one of the great commercial centres of Italy. The Cathedral of Milan, a splendid monument, built of marble, ranks third amongst similar constructions in Europe. The grandeur of its architecture and the beauty of the works of art it contains surpass all description. Do not omit a visit to the Royal Palace, the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, and the Poldi-Pozzoli Museum, as well as to the Brera, an old Jesuit College.

The train, pursuing its way past Verona and Padua—towns remarkable for their architectural monuments and historical interest—duly arrives at Venice. This superb and celebrated ancient city, the Queen of the Adriatic, is situated at about four kilometres from the mainland, and occupies 117 islands, intersected by 150 canals, and connected by 378 bridges. It has a population of about 135,000. The innumerable precious works of art in the Venetian palaces have always had a great attraction for visitors. The chief places of interest in Venice are—the Public Square and magnificent Church of St. Mark, the Procuratie, the Campanile, the Clock Tower, the Piazzetta, the Lido, the old Library, the splendid Palace of the Doges; the Fine-Art Academy, containing a fine collection of paintings and carved works. Venice also possesses numerous fine churches of every style.

SECTION 5: TURIN TO GENOA, FLORENCE, ROME, AND NAPLES.

Genoa is a large and handsome town and seaport occupying a splendid site. Its port, about three kilometres in circuit, is the most important one in Italy, in a commercial point of view. Besides its beautiful church, raised by contributions from the great patrician families, it possesses numerous marble palaces, splendidly decorated inside, and which have earned for it the title of "Genoa the Superb."

After passing La Spezia and Viareggio—winter resorts in good repute for the mildness of their climate and their luxuriant vegetation—we reach Pisa, a town of 50,000 inhabitants, situate in an extensive and fertile plain, and enjoying a mild and salubrious climate, which is especially recommended to the asthmatic. The Cathedral, built of black and white marble, contains paintings and sculptural works of priceless value. The Campanile, or "Leaning Tower," in which Galileo carried out his experiment on gravitation, comprises eight storeys of 207 superposed colonettes. At Pisa, it is well to leave the direct line in order to make an excursion to Florence, by way of Empoli.

Florence is a city of 170,000 inhabitants which no tourist should miss visiting. Up to the time of the transfer of the capital to Rome, it was the seat of the Italian Parliament. The Uffizi and Pitti Palaces contain works by the great masters: Praxiteles, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian. These masterpieces make up one of the finest art collections in the world. The town also boasts of splendid churches, Egyptian and Etruscan museums, and a fine-art academy.

From Pisa the train runs rapidly to Rome, after passing Fullonica, Grosseto, and Civita Vecchia. Of Rome, the capital of Italy and seat of the Papacy, it would be absurd to speak in a cursory manner. Nevertheless, we are bound to advise persons who intend making but a short stay in Rome to visit the Capitol, the Coliseum, the Vatican, and the Basilica of St. Peter's, the St. Angelo Fort, the Appian Way, the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, and the Trajan Column.

From Rome to Naples the distance is 260 kilometres. Naples is the most populous town in Italy, having 450,000 inhabitants. The Bay of Naples is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The town possesses some remarkable monuments and artistic collections, and is especially famous for the great animation prevailing everywhere. The environs are particularly interesting—for instance, the Chiaja, the Posilippo, and Vesuvius, the ascent of which is now effected by a funicular railway which brings visitors to the crater; Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Castellamare.

A recently-constructed line connects Naples and Brindisi, by way of Metaponte and Tarento. The port of Brindisi, on the Adriatic coast, is the embarking station for the India mail. The trains of the Mont Cenis-Rome-Brindisi line are in connection with the India mail-steamers at Brindisi.

In concluding this description we particularly recommend the Mont Cenis route to travellers wishing to travel direct from London to Italy. By this route the journey from London to Turin is effected in 26 hours, from London to Milan in 29½ hours, to Florence in 37 hours, to Rome in 43 hours, and to Naples in 50 hours. The Vintimiglia route is longer, but the tourist will find ample compensation in visiting the beautiful country it runs through.

The ordinary carriages of the trains on both lines are thoroughly comfortable. Some of the trains comprise saloon and sleeping cars, arm-chairs, and sleeping accommodation. A car provided with sleeping and toilet accommodation, and a saloon-car, run daily between Calais and Vintimiglia; and a saloon and sleeper between Calais and Milan. Saloon-cars also run daily between Paris and Marseilles, Vintimiglia, Turin, Milan, and Rome. We may add that during the winter season a daily train, consisting of saloon, sleeping, and dining cars, will run daily between Paris and Vintimiglia. Twice a week (Wednesdays and Saturdays) this train leaves Calais at 1.30 p.m., connecting direct with the train leaving London at 10 a.m.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LOBSTERS.

To-day, in the fishmonger's shop, I beheld a large box of lobsters which the early morning train had brought from the far north of Scotland. They were packed into the box with that total disregard of whatever feelings the lower animals may possess which characterises man in his dealings with life below his own, whether it is represented by fowls in hen-coops or by pigs or sheep in railway trucks. The seething mass of blue-black bodies entrusted with the white spiral shells of worms that build limy tubes, was "a sight for to see," as the old ballad has it. Lobster-life seems to take its troubles with equanimity. Beyond an occasional squirming of a tail or flap of a feeler, all was quiet within the box. One veteran crustacean, perched in a coign of vantage above the others, was working his jaws—one of many pairs—as if still under the delusion that he was busily nestling under his rock in the sea, and baling out the refuse water from his gills by means of the scooplike spoon wherewith he is provided for the purpose in question. His great black eyes, each resting on a short stalk, were staring vacuously at the prospect before him. Mentally regarded, that prospect was not a cheerful one. "Out of the box and into the pot" might well parallel the frying-pan and fire simile as applied to lobster-life. In a few hours after I saw that big crustacean, I doubt not he was popped into his funeral urn. As I write, his nice blue-black shell will have changed into the bright red of the boiled animal—a colour seen, by-the-way, in the lobster of a certain classic picture intended to represent the native products of the sea as obtained in the miraculous draught of fishes. By to-morrow, nothing will be left of him but his shelly armour. He will have perished, as has many a higher creature, in the work of making life brighter and better—in so far as lobster-salad can be said to aid that desirable end—and so runs the world away, little recking of the wonderful amount of vital complexity which it consumes even in its most commonplace fare.

A certain great naturalist has used the lobster-kind as the text or peg whereon to hang a very instructive book of natural history science. In truth, I know of no better task for a would-be naturalist than the attempt to discover the ways and works of lobster-existence. From its head to its tail the familiar crustacean is a living wonder. That it is a poor relation of the crab is a plain fact; although why a "poor" connection may not be quite so evident as is the relationship itself. This matter resolves itself into a question of tail and no tail. Early in life, crabs and lobsters are tailed animals. Then your crab shortens the appendage just named and tucks it up under his body—which, by-the-way, is all head and chest. The lobster keeps his youthful tail throughout life, but poses as a lower animal than the crab in consequence. He is nearer the groundlings of his race, in other words, because of his tail; and the crab, conversely, is his more modified and better developed cousin, because he has a higher nervous system and a more elevated and compact type of body. Not alone in crustacean life is this matter of tails a vital question. From frogs up to man, the disappearance of the tail bears an important part in the history of the race. Heads are all very well in the race for superiority; but when there is a doubt at all in the matter of aristocratic position among the animal hosts, one may not go very far astray in crediting with a station of high degree, the being which has discarded his tail and, in a zoological sense, has come to the short-jacket stage of anatomical perfection.

That lobster of ours has in his body some twenty joints or segments, and there is not one joint which may not form food for reflection. Every joint is really a replica of every other joint, although, truly, you may require to dive into the intricacies of anatomy to trace out the likeness. Those six joints of his tail are, perhaps, the simplest of his frame. Below you observe that each possesses a couple of appendages called the "swimmerets," and to these appendages Mamma Lobster, as you may see, attaches her eggs, and constitutes herself a walking nursemaid by reason of this little piece of attention to maternal duties. Each pair of appendages is like every other pair; albeit, you find great variation in their shape and form. Those of the tail exist each as a double-leaved structure set on a joint. If you look at the tail-fin, wherewith, aided by the big muscles of the tail, the lobster makes a forcible backward stroke in the water, you will discover that the fin consists simply of a pair of the swimmerets you see further forward on the tail, broadened out, and having a little centrepiece set in between them. Go further forward on the body and you come to the five pairs of walking legs. Now these legs, after all, are only altered swimmerets, in which the innermost leaf has grown big and foot-like and has become encased in a limy shell. Further forward still, and you reach the "foot-jaws," which are half-way houses between jaws in front and legs behind. Then come the jaws proper, of which your lobster boasts three pairs. One pair is hard and horny, the other two are softer in texture—but they are all really swimmerets, like those of the tail. Finally, in front of the jaws come the "feelers," and of these two pairs exist. The lesser pair has two divisions, while the greater feelers, that project like huge horns, have only one division or part. These feelers, again, are only modified appendages, all corresponding to the simpler ones of the tail. Finally come the eyes, and the movable eye-stalks on which the eyes are set correspond to the single joint by which the appendages elsewhere are attached to the body.

Now, if you ask me "How one comes to all this certainty of knowledge?" I reply, because when the lobster is a mere baby, just out of his egg, or little further advanced in his history, all the appendages resemble the swimmerets of the adult's tail. As he grows, those of the head change to form eye-stalks, feelers, and jaws; others become his foot-jaws, and others, again, his walking legs; and only those of the tail retain their original form. It is not what things are, but what they have sprung from, that we trust to in science for the elucidation of their true nature; and the lobster is a good illustration of the manner in which many and varied organs of an animal's body arise out of one common stock—a feature which is repeated in the history of the whole animal.

Lobsters, thus, form a text, as I have said, for teaching a great lesson in the value of watching an animal's development as a clue to its history. For the rest space fails me, at present, for the discussion of many interesting questions in crustacean life—as, for example, the inquiry "How and what do lobsters see?" But of this matter more anon. Of gills, the lobster possesses a full set, lying neatly packed away in the sides of his chest, and attached to the tops of his walking legs and foot-jaws. A nervous system he likewise possesses, lying on the floor of his body, like that of the insects, spiders, and centipedes, of which he is a distant connection. He has feelers and eyes, as we have noted; his ears exist at the foot of his lesser pair of feelers, and he possibly possesses a "nose" (physiologically regarded), for smelling functions, judging by his successful search after the "high" and odoriferous fish wherewith the lobster-traps are baited. Altogether, the lobster is not to be despised as a lowly creature. Contrariwise; and, as his life is laid out for him, he possibly contrives to secure a full share of whatever corresponds in lower existence to the delights of higher or more sentient life.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAMER PENINSULAR.

Although we are apt to complain, and, in the opinion of many, not without a good show of reason, of the inadequacy of our naval armaments, yet so far as our commercial fleet is concerned, we are able, thanks to public and private enterprise, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts which are at present being made by France, Germany, and Italy in the matter of shipbuilding, to hold our own in that direction against all comers.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company, always in the van of progress, and imbued with the commendable determination to be second to none of their competitors in the India, China, and Australian trade, have scarcely placed in active service their quartette of Jubilee ships, aggregating some 26,000 tons, when we hear of the contemplated further addition of six steamers to their already long list of magnificent vessels. Few companies can boast of being the possessors of a fleet of 210,000 tons, the greater part consisting of steamers of a new and improved type, in the construction of which the experience of years has been brought to bear so as to adopt, on the one hand, everything that modern science and forethought can suggest to provide against the ever-present dangers of the ocean, and on the other, to make such arrangements for the comfort and well-being of passengers, both as regards accommodation and cuisine, as would satisfy the most inveterate grumbler who would scarcely be content were every vessel a floating Hôtel Métropole.

The trial-trip of the Peninsular, the first of the last projected six steamers, took place at Greenock, where she has been built by Messrs. Caird and Co. This vessel is a somewhat new departure from the preceding steam-ships of the Company, being more especially designed to meet the multifarious wants of Indian travellers. Her gross tonnage is 5000 tons, and her horse-power of the same figure. Her accommodation for

passengers, of whom she will carry some 200, in the first and second saloon, is of the highest order, and those who have hitherto been debarred from visiting our great Eastern empire by fancied discomforts which they were reluctant to encounter, will find that the appointments, so far as roominess and airiness go, satisfy the wants of the most fastidious voyagers.

The Peninsular is fitted with what all Indian passengers know is such a special boon—an unusual assortment of deck-cabins, all the berths being models of comfort. The dining-rooms and saloons bear the impress of refined luxury as well as admirable taste on the part of the architect of the Imperial Institute, who is responsible for the design of this particular branch of the work. The great beam of the ship—48 ft.—will ensure increased steadiness at sea, and it will be a matter of assurance to timid passengers that the vessel is built in six water-tight compartments, besides which there is an ample supply of life-boats and a steam launch. Special precautions are taken against fire, and cool chambers are fitted for provisions and the production of ice.

There is no doubt that the Peninsular will demonstrate her capabilities in the matter of fast steaming, possessing, as she does, the cardinal qualifications which make for speed and safety, as well as strength and stability. She left London for Bombay on Dec. 7, with a full passenger-list; and it is confidently expected that she will achieve renown as a passenger-ship plying between our own shores and India. A sister-ship, the Oriental, of 5500 tons gross burthen, with accommodation for 175 first-class and thirty-five second-class passengers, also built for this Company by Messrs. Caird, of Greenock, has since been launched.

Mr. Henry Tate, sugar refiner, of Streatham and Liverpool, who recently presented Liverpool with a homœopathic hospital, and South Lambeth with a free library, has given £1000 to the Liverpool Merchant's Guild, for the relief of decayed gentlemen and gentlewomen.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES.

In the early, the very early, years of the present reign a favourite boys' book, as many of my readers will probably remember, was the little one-volume edition of "The Voyages of Captain James Cook." Ah me, such a contrast with its dull, not to say dingy-looking, cover, and its small type, and its indifferent paper, to the gorgeous things which the activity of publishers, the fertility of authors and artists, and the resources of printers, now-a-days produce in such profusion for the delight of our "young gentlemen"! In the time I speak of "Books for Boys," as a class *per se*, were almost unknown; and the juveniles, to a great extent, fed upon so much of the intellectual pabulum of their seniors as those seniors thought fit to deal out to them. They were allowed to luxuriate, for instance, in Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," or "The Mutiny of the Bounty," or "Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier," or "The Life of Nelson"—with "Baron Munchausen," "The Castle of Otranto," and Scott's "Ivanhoe" thrown in as lighter reading. Perhaps it was because our choice was so limited that our partiality was so great; but, assuredly, the few books which then brightened a boy's bookshelf were very dearly loved and valued; were read and re-read and made much of, and treated altogether as household companions and bosom friends. My observation of the ways and habits of the young folk of the present time leads me to doubt whether the story-books which flow so continuously into *their* possession are the happy recipients of an equal affection.

At all events, of the books of our boyhood, in that dim and distant past, when Queen Victoria rode out daily on horseback, accompanied by her young and handsome husband, and Louis Philippe practised his petty economies in the Tuileries—an age which seems as far away from us now as the age of the dodo—"Captain Cook's Voyages" was held to be a pearl without price. Boys carried it about with them, like a fetish



THE NEW P. AND O. STEAMER, PENINSULAR.

or a talisman; and read it in corners of the playground, or inserted it inside their Latin grammars, and hazarded surreptitious glances at its fascinating pages. And oh! what a region of charm and magic those pages revealed to the youthful fancy! Sweet summer isles of Eden, nestling in warm sunny seas; groves of palm, which no bleak winter-winds stripped bare; clusters of bread-fruit trees, with their untaxed and unadulterated stores of food; coral reefs, white with the foam of ceaseless breakers; happy islanders dancing in gay measures upon lawny slopes; glories of sunrise and sunset across the wide waste of the Pacific—all these came upon us like glimpses of heaven upon the excited vision of a mediæval saint! Through the open windows of the hot school-room on a drowsy summer afternoon, how often the boyish imagination would take its flight, and, crossing leagues of land and sea, follow close in the track of Cook and his companions, enchanted by each novel scene, and by the simple ignorance and seeming innocence of its dusky-skinned inhabitants. We revelled in the beauties of Tahiti and Hawaii (or Otaheite and Owwhyhee, as Cook spells the names), and joyfully disported among the blue creeks and bays of the Navigators' Archipelago. And how we loved the familiar every-day names which Cook bestowed upon his discoveries—such as the Friendly Islands and the Society Islands—so quaintly unlike the sonorous designations of Spaniard or Portuguese. We relished, too, the matter-of-fact way in which he (or his historian) invariably speaks of the wonders which daily greeted him. On such and such a day "they passed two small islands, and about noon on the following day sighted more land." And next "they saw a number of fires and smoke in several places, whence it was conjectured that the place was well peopled." Those fires produced a strong impression upon us! And again, "when the ship was clear of all the islands which had been laid down in such maps as were on board, they were surprised at sighting an island to the west-south-west, which they supposed was a new discovery." No flourish of trumpets here; all is severe simplicity.

I know few books better adapted to stimulate the sense of wonder in a boy, and to awaken his imagination, than "Cook's Voyages." There is a breezy, bracing atmosphere throughout; and the hero of it, the Yorkshire labourer's son, who attained

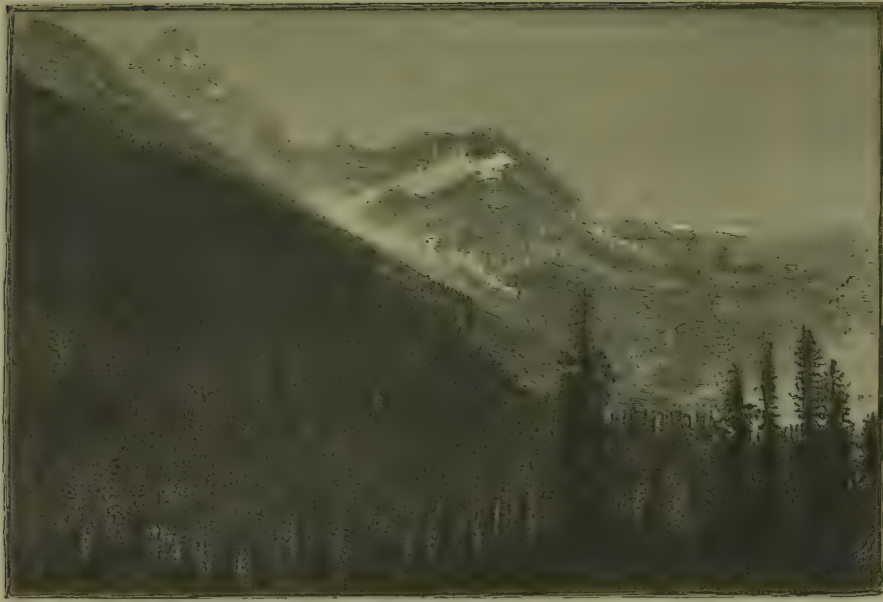
by industry, courage, and integrity, to his responsible position, is as good an example as one could wish to set before the young. He is the greatest of discoverers, and we have good cause to be proud of him as an Englishman, if only for the fine humanity which marked his transactions with the native populations. I suppose that few discoverers have shed so little blood. Then the interest of his ocean-wanderings is inexhaustible. He went out into a new world, and annexed it like a conqueror. One day they come upon a race of people who refuse to drink rum or brandy, intimating, after tasting it, by signs, that it burned their throats. These total abstainers have broad, flat faces, high cheeks, noses inclining to flatness, wide nostrils, small black eyes, large mouths, and straight black hair falling down over their ears and foreheads. Another day they are witnesses of a war-dance. Again, they are surrounded by a fleet of canoes, the crews of which, equipped with spears, darts, battle-axes, and the patoo-patoo, make the air ring with cries of defiance. At one time they are sailing slowly across a sea as blue as the heaven above it, with an apparently measureless expanse of waters stretching all around; at another they are drifting into a still lagoon, which sleeps within its belt of coral, shaded by a few cocoa-nut palms with feathery crests. Bright little pictures like these are constantly flashing across the page—"The islands were shaded with evergreens and covered with woods, and exhibited a delightful prospect. The rocky shores were enlivened with flocks of aquatic birds, and the whole country resounded with the wild notes of the feathered songsters." Or—"The sea was quite unruffled; and the sun, shining brightly, exposed the various sorts of coral in the most beautiful order." Dip where you will, you will come upon some such suggestive passage, and may soon lose yourself in dreams.

But the truth is, Captain James Cook was exceedingly lucky in his opportunities. The chart of the great southern ocean was almost a virgin one when our discoverer first set sail from Deptford. The world was all before him where to choose. He sailed into the unexplored Pacific, and, as a matter of course, struck upon some new land almost every day. There they lay, those fresh fair island-groups, all waiting to be discovered. So it was with the early astronomers after the invention of the telescope. As soon as they pointed their magic tubes towards the

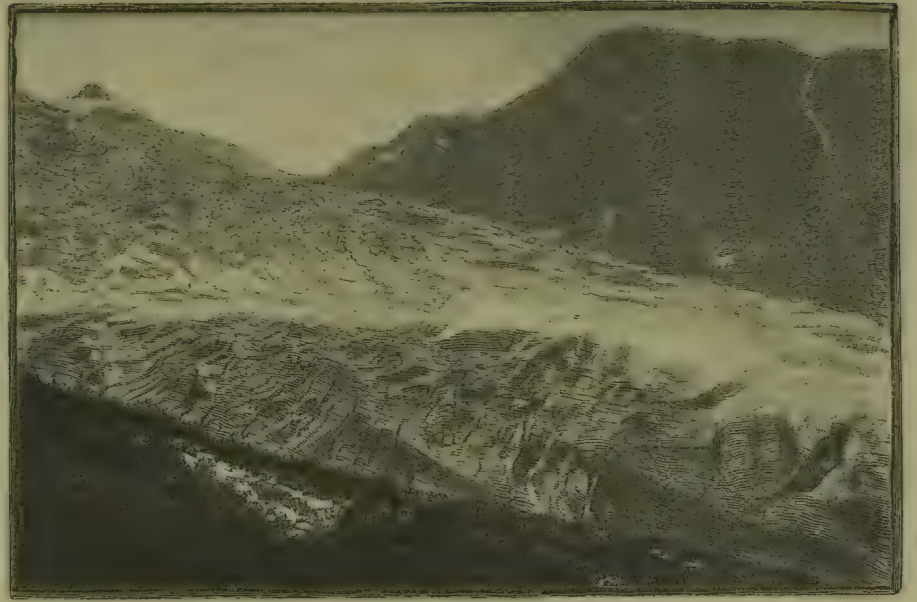
azure depths of the firmament, new planets immediately swam within their ken. No such good fortune now-a-days rewards the navigator or the stargazer. The islands have been gathered up from east to west, and the stars all catalogued like the items in a grocer's shop. No wonder that our later voyages have none of the rare sweet fascination of Captain Cook's. They tell an oft-told tale; 'twas Cook's felicity to tell it first. There are omnibuses and bathing-machines at Honolulu now, and German "interests" at Samoa; the romance and poetry of the islands are as dead as Queen Anne. That is the worst of experience; it leaves us nothing to anticipate. So that Captain Cook's voyages to the middle-aged reader becomes quite another thing to what it was to the boy.

At this time of the year custom demands that to our simplest reflections and palest commonplaces a "seasonable" colouring should be given; and no doubt the patient reader is already wondering when and how I shall establish a connection between Christmas and "Cook's Voyages." I might be content to say that the book makes a capital companion for Christmas-tide—for the vassail bowl, and the yule-log, and the evergreens. But I confess that the fancy, in my mind, is this: To youth and old age Christmas comes with much the same difference of feeling about it as "Cook's Voyages." To youth it opens up an ideal world, full of bright, fairy scenes—radiant in the "purplest lumen" of hope and promise. All is new—untasted—untried. The map is not yet filled in; the planetary spaces are not yet gauged. Every day brings with it a discovery; the bark bounds buoyantly over seas hitherto untraversed, and the morning mists, as they rise, reveal shores hitherto unknown. But in our later years Christmas discloses to us no such glorious visions. The chart is full: the world's novelties have been essayed, and taken full. There is no more promise, no more expectation; all that belongs to us is the burden of the past. While Youth, with eager eye and panting breath, strains towards the future and its wealth of green islands and sunny seas—so new, so strange, so rapturous; Old Age, with bowed head and weary limbs, coils up in the fireside-corner to reperuse the record of the parted years—the stained pages of the log-book of its "Voyages"—and to tell over the Christmas-mases that have been and shall be no more.

W. H. D.-A.



MOUNT SIR DONALD AND GLACIER.



THE GREAT GLACIER.



THE GREAT GLACIER, FROM THE RAILWAY.



THE GLACIER HOTEL AND MOUNTAIN.



THE HERMIT RANGE, WITH THE RAILWAY STATION, FROM THE HOTEL.



THE HERMIT RANGE, FROM NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE LINE.



MOUNT CARROLL, EAST SIDE.



THE STONY CREEK BRIDGE, 296 FEET HIGH.



INTERIOR OF A COLONIAL SLEEPING-CAR ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS

An appeal is being made by the council of Bedford College for public contributions towards the enlargement of the college premises, the object of the enlargement being the provision of improved laboratories and of accommodation at an economical rate for students of narrow means. It is proposed that the new buildings should be called the "Shaen Wing" in commemoration of the late Mr. William Shaen, who took an active interest in the management of the college from its earliest days. Bedford College is now the principal college for women in London. The number of its students has risen from 68 in 1873 to 118 in 1887. Of the 152 women who are Masters and Bachelors of Arts of the University of London, 51 have been students of Bedford College; and of the 21 women who are Doctors and Bachelors of Science, 12 have been students of the same institution. Contributions may be sent to the chairman, Dr Russell, F.R.S., 31, Upper Hamilton-terrace, N.W.; or to the honorary secretary, Bedford College.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2328.

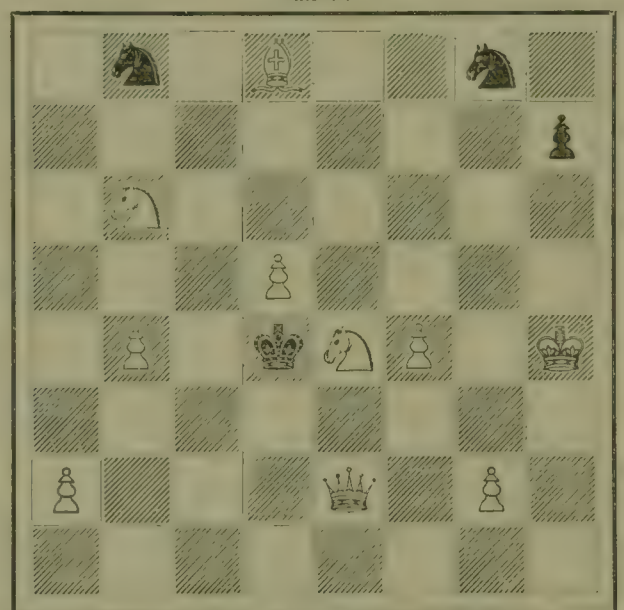
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Kt 3rd	K moves
2. R to R 2nd	K moves
3. R to R 5th	K moves
4. R to Q 5th. Mate.	

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PROBLEM No. 2332.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.

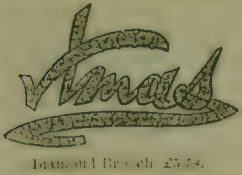


We have received the preliminary programme of the sixth American Chess Congress, which is circulated with a view of obtaining suggested amendments from the public and intending players. It is much too long for even a summary in this column; but, in the main, follows the rules of the London Congress of 1883, and is, so far, in little need of improvement. The chief novelty is Rule 17, which has been devised for the purpose of getting over the difficulty caused by players retiring in the middle of the tourney. The attempt is ingenious, but seems to create by its complexity much more trouble than it obviates, and we shall watch with interest the results of its adoption. The fairest plan seems to be to cancel all games played by a retiring competitor; which, we think, might be safely adopted in lieu of that suggested by the American Committee. The amount collected so far for the purposes of the Congress exceeds £1000, and the minimum amount of prizes offered is £750. The winner is liable to a challenge for the Championship of the World, providing not less than four European players compete in the tourney, and a liberal provision is made for his benefit in the event of being compelled to play, whatever may be the result of the Championship Match. We understand Mr. Steinitz is a likely competitor.

A meeting was held on Dec. 7 of the finance committee of the Mansion House Fund in connection with the holding of the Metropolitan Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society next year. The fund was reported to amount to £1300, and Mr. Walter Gilbey handed in various additional donations amounting to £278 which he had collected. Mr. Jacob Wilson said the prize list at the exhibition would be the most comprehensive of its kind ever offered. The exhibition would be open on Monday, June 21, and continue the whole week. It was resolved unanimously to contribute £4000 from the Mansion House Fund towards the prizes, and the Lord Mayor was requested to make a further appeal for donations towards this special fund. The Lord Mayor (who presided) said as a Westmorland man he should like to offer a 20 guinea prize for the best Herdwick ram of any age, and Mr. Wilson accepted the offer on the part of the society.

BENSON'S BOND-STREET NOVELTIES.

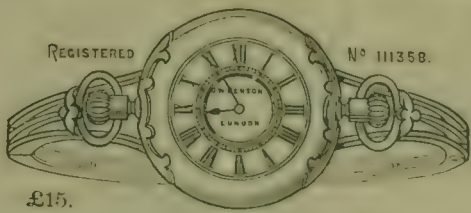
"The daintiest of Jewellery Presents."
For Xmas —WORLD.



Diamond Brooch, Enamel Berries, £5 5s.



Diamond Brooch, Enamel Berries, £5 5s.



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To be had only of J. W. BENSON. With Watch £15 complete. Clients' own watches fitted.

BENSON'S CELEBRATED "FANTASIE" SCARF AND LACE PINS.
Diamonds and Enamel. A very large Selection on View.



Father Christmas, £10.



Judy, £8 8s.



Punch, £7 7s.



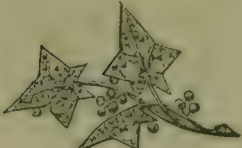
Clown, £5 5s.



Blue Beard, £8 8s.



Claude Duval, £8 8s.



Diamond Brooch, Enamel Berries, £5 5s.



Diamond Brooch, Oriental Pearl Berries, £5 5s. and £6 6s.



"Lucky" Moonstone and Brilliant Brooch, £10 10s.



"Lucky" Moonstone and Diamond Brooch, £13 13s.

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OF
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES
POST-FREE.



Robin, Holly, and Merrythought Diamond and Enamel Brooch, £7.

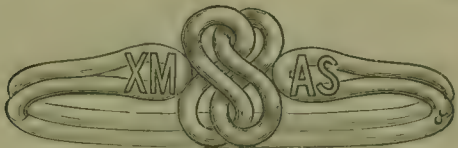


Enamelled Gold, Pearls, and Diamond Brooch, £6 6s. and £8 8s.

THE "88" JEWELRY (REGD.)

"The most suitable present for the year."—Queen.

"When '88 you see, Good luck it brings to thee." OLD SONG.



Gold, or Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £4 4s. and £5 5s. In Pearls, £7 7s. In Rubies and Diamonds, £10.



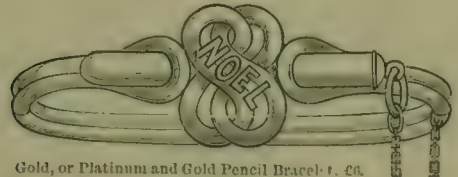
Brilliant Brooch, £21. Gold, £3 3s.



Scarf Pin, £2. Diamond ditto, £7.



Sleeve Links, £4 10s. Studs, £2 2s. Collar Stud, £1 1s.



Gold, or Platinum and Gold Pencil Bracelet, £6.

An entirely new Stock of pretty and useful articles in Silver, suitable for presents.

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Queen's Jeweller,

25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

A magnificent selection of Diamond Jewelry on View.

"Luck that love finds ever."



Gold, or Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £5 5s.



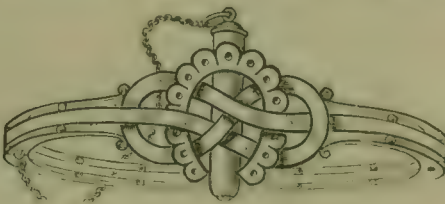
Brilliant Brooch, £30. Brilliant Bracelet, £33. Gold Brooch, £3 3s.



Gold, £2. Diamonds, £7.

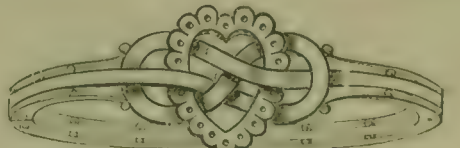


Sleeve Links, £4 10s. Studs, £2 2s. Collar Studs, £1 1s.



Gold, or Platinum and Gold Pencil Bangle, £7 7s.

"Here is good luck with love combined, Loving knots and loving hearts entwined."



Gold, or Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £5 5s.



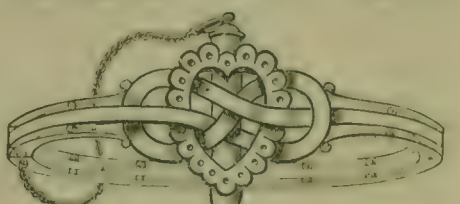
Brilliant Brooch, £30. Gold Brooch, £3 3s. Brilliant Bracelet, £33.



Gold, £2. Diamonds, £7.



Sleeve Links, £4 10s. Studs, £2 2s. Collar Stud, £1 1s.



Gold, or Platinum and Gold Pencil Bangle, £7 7s.

"This knot of gold a heart doth hold." OLD MOTTO.

BENSON'S "SPECIAL STRENGTH" COMPLICATED WATCHES,

Made on a Special System, are the finest for Make, Finish, and Adjustment, and the BEST TIMEKEEPERS IN THE WORLD.

BENSON'S
GOLD KEYLESS
REPEATER WATCH.

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BENSON'S
DOUBLE CHRONOGRAPH, AND
MINUTE REPEATER WATCH.

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BENSON'S
MINUTE REPEATING
CLOCK-WATCH.

£200.



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CHRONOGRAPH MINUTE REPEATER WATCH.

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GENTLEMEN'S FINEST GOLD KEYLESS REPEATER, free Breguet spring, and all latest improvements. Repeats hours, quarters, and half-quarters at pleasure. In massive 18-carat GOLD Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, £73 10s.

Similar Watch, but to repeat hours, quarters, and minutes, in heavier case, £84.

GOLD KEYLESS HALF CHRONOMETER DOUBLE CHRONOGRAPH MINUTE REPEATER, with all the latest improvements and fly-back minute and long seconds hands. The most perfect watch for taking a duration. Repeats hours, quarters and minutes at pleasure. In massive 18-carat GOLD Hunting or Half-Hunting Cases for enamelling with Crest or Monogram. £125.

GOLD KEYLESS HALF CHRONOMETER CLOCK-WATCH, striking hours and quarters as they pass, like a clock, and repeating hours, quarters, and minutes at pleasure. Finest half chronometer movement, rated and adjusted. Perfect as a clock-watch, repeater, and timekeeper. In massive 18-carat Cases, Hunting or Half-Hunting, enamelled with Crest and Monogram. £200.

GOLD KEYLESS HALF CHRONOMETER PERPETUAL CALENDAR, MINUTE REPEATER, MINUTES AND SECONDS CHRONOGRAPH, has four distinct actions, viz.:—1. Double Chronograph for timing purposes; 2. Repeats hours, quarters, and minutes at pleasure; 3. Perpetual Calendar, showing Year, Month, Day, &c.; 4. A perfect Timekeeper, for daily use. In massive Hunting or Half-Hunting 18-carat GOLD Cases, enamelled with Crest and Monogram for £250.

Clock-Watches, £150 and £200; Calendar Clock-Watches, £300; and Repeater Chronograph Watches, Repeater Calendar Watches, Minute Repeaters, Half-Quarter Repeaters, Chronograph Calendars, &c., from £30 to £150; and other complicated Watches of the most perfect make can always be seen.

Any of the above Watches will be sent, Free and Safe, and at our Risk, to any part of the World, on receipt of Banker's Draft for the corresponding amount.

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And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (the most complete of its kind issued), containing full Descriptions and Illustrations of these and all other Watches, from £2 2s. to £250. Clocks of all kinds, Silver and Electro-plate, and Gem Jewellery, post-free.

OBITUARY.

SIR WALTER GEORGE STIRLING, BART.

Sir Walter George Stirling, Bart., of Faskine, in the county of Lanark, J.P. and D.L. for Kent and Middlesex, died at his residence in Portman-square on Dec. 1, in his eighty-ninth year. He was only son of Sir Walter Stirling, M.P., on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1800, and grandson of Sir Walter Stirling of Faskine, Captain R.N., a distinguished naval officer. The deceased Baronet was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He married, Aug. 18, 1835, Lady Caroline Frances Byng, daughter of John, first Earl of Strathford, G.C.B., and had two sons and two daughters. Of the former, the elder, Walter, died unmarried June 5, 1862, and the younger, Colonel Walter George, R.A., now succeeds as third Baronet. He was born Sept. 6, 1839; and married, Oct. 15, 1875, Viscountess Clifden, daughter of Mr. F. C. W. Seymour, and sister of the present Countess Spencer.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TROTTER, M.P.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry John Trotter, of Byers Green Hall, in the county of Durham, M.P. for Colchester, died from an accident in hunting. He was second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Trotter, who was also killed out hunting in 1866. The gentleman whose death we record was a barrister, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major Alexander H. Ross, M.P., suddenly at 9, Upper Berkeley-square, aged fifty-eight.

Lady Georgiana Needham on Dec. 3, at Datchet House,

Datchet, at the age of ninety-three years. She was the sixth of the eight daughters of Francis, first Earl of Kilmorey, and great-aunt to the present Earl.

The Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, assistant minister of Sheffield parish church, on Dec. 6, at the age of eighty-three. In 1831 Mr. Earnshaw was Senior Wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. He was a most successful coach at Cambridge for sixteen years, and had been in his present position at Sheffield since 1847.

Colonel George Churchill Bartholomew, late of the 10th and the 109th Regiments, suddenly on Dec. 2, aged fifty-eight. He was third son of the late Archdeacon Bartholomew of Morehatch Bishop, Devon, entered the Army in 1850, and saw service in India and Abyssinia.

Mr. Edward Cutler, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in succession to the late Sir Richard Baggallay.

The Grocers' Company have contributed £100 and the Clothworkers' Company £50 to the Mansion House fund in connection with the next Metropolitan Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society.

At a meeting of guarantors of the Leeds Musical Festival held on Dec. 6, it was stated that the guarantee fund now reaches £25,000, being about £7000 in advance of the amount subscribed three years ago.

Mr. Deputy Hart, who has represented the Ward of Coleman-street for some years in the Court of Common Council, has been unanimously elected an alderman in the room of Mr. J. E. Saunders, resigned.

The Marquis of Lorne presided on Dec. 6 at a meeting in the Holborn Townhall to promote the establishment of four technical schools—in Finsbury, Hackney, Islington, and St. Pancras. A resolution was adopted pledging the meeting to endeavour to raise the £200,000 needed to accomplish the work.

The Drury-lane Working Girls' House and Day Nursery has been instituted to help the girls living in the crowded district of Drury-lane who, just leaving school, are earning

their own livelihood or seeking employment. A report fully explaining the work which is carried on under the direction of a committee of ladies, will be sent on application to the hon. treasurer, Mr. W. Fortescue Barratt, 73, Drury-lane. Funds are urgently needed to meet the current expenses.

The Earl of Limerick has given an unsolicited reduction of 20 per cent to the numerous tenantry on his Irish estates. Reductions amounting to close upon 50 per cent have also been made, without solicitation, to his Lordship's town tenants, occupiers of houses, and small plots.

The fourteenth anniversary dinner of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Benevolent Institution took place on Dec. 6 at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. William Low occupying the chair. There was a very large attendance, and the donations announced amounted to about £600.

Two small stained-glass windows, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., have been placed in the chancel of Charlton Abbots Church, Gloucestershire.—The parish church of Glossop, Worcestershire, has received a two-light stained-glass window representing "The Good Samaritan," designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

An exhibition of works of art in black and white will be held this Christmas at St. Jude's Schools, Whitechapel. An exhibition on similar lines was held two years ago at the same place, which, like this one, was in connection with the series of exhibitions of oil-paintings which have taken place at Easter for some years past. The exhibition will open on or about Christmas Day, and will remain open about three weeks.

The marriage of Mr. C. Orr-Ewing, son of Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, Bart., M.P., with the Hon. Beatrix Ruthven, only daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven, was solemnised in St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Hamilton, near Glasgow, on Dec. 5, in the presence of numerous relatives and friends of both families. Captain James Orr-Ewing, 16th Lancers, was the best man; and the four bridesmaids were Lady Esther Gore, Miss May Hozier, the Hon. Adele Hamilton, and Miss Violet Orr-Ewing. The youthful bride was given away by Lord Ruthven, her father.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

STREETEER & COMPLY.,

IMPORTERS OF PRECIOUS STONES, PEARLS, AND GEMS.

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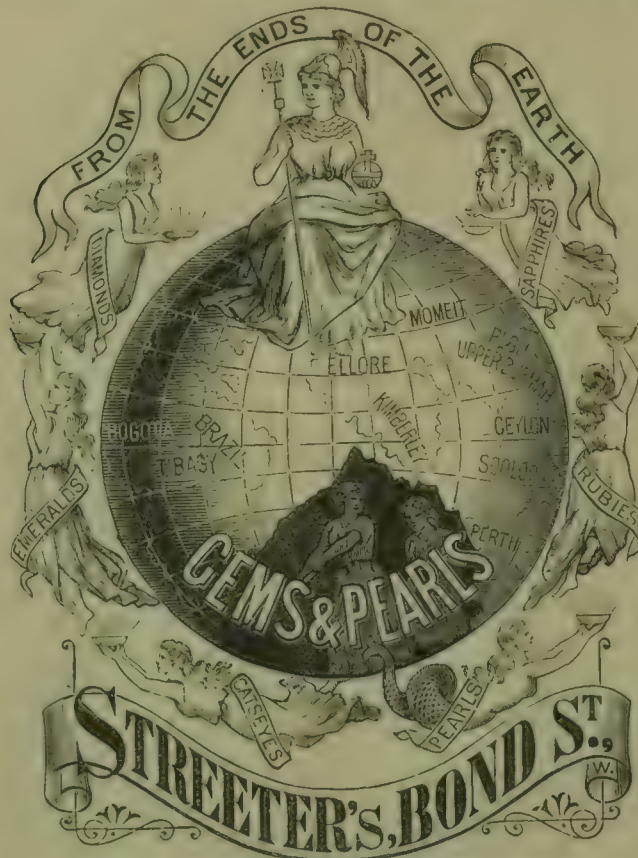
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Cannot be surpassed for elegance of design and perfect setting. They are London made, and the Brilliants are white and properly cut.



STREETEERS' RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES,

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Direct from the Burmah and other Mines, thus enabling the Public to buy these Stones at First Hand after being London cut.

PEARLS from their own Pearling Fleet

18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

HAIR-COLOUR RENOVATOR.

Quickest, Safest, Cheapest. Restores colour to Grey Hair in a week. Large Bottle, 3s. 6d., post-free.



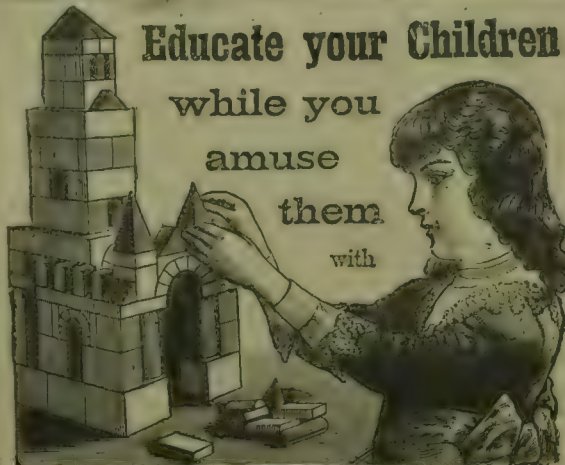
CAPILLARY COMPOUND.—the best nutriment—preserves colour and promotes growth, strengthens weak and softens harsh hair, prevents split ends and improves natural curl; also invaluable for the cultivation of Children's Hair. In Bottles, 3s. 6d., post-free.

SUNNY RAYS.—A few applications produce the much-admired **GOLDEN AUBURN TINT**, varying in brightness by its frequency of use. May be used with advantage for all degrees of brown or dull shades of hair. Perfectly harmless. 5s. 6d. per Bottle, post-free.

C. BOND & SON, 546, Oxford-st., W.

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RICHTER'S ANCHOR BOXES.

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Illustrated Catalogue, entitled "The Toy the Child Likes Best," sent post-free on application to the Manufacturers.

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CAUTION.—Beware of quicklime imitations, and see that each box bears the Trade-Marks, the Anchor and the Squirrel.

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MAPPIN & WEBB'S

NOVELTIES IN SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO-SILVER,

Specially suitable for Christmas and New-Year Presents.



SPOONS & FORKS.

TABLE KNIVES.



Full-Size Antique Fluted Tea and Coffee Set.
Sterling Silver .. £26 5s. Best Electro .. £9 10s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers,
Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.
Complete, in Case, Sterling Silver, £11 11s. 6d. Best Electro-Silver, £5 15s. 6d.
Tea-Pot only .. £5 5s. 6d. " " £1 11s. 6d.
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. £1 15s. 6d. " " £0 10s. 6d.
Cream Jug .. £1 5s. 6d. " " £0 10s. 6d.



Richly-Cut Glass Jug and Two Tankards, with Sterling Silver
Mounts, £4 10s.



Two Solid Silver Salts and Spoons,
in Case, £2 18s.



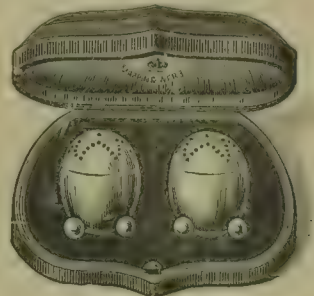
Richly Chased Solid Silver Sugar
or Pap Bowl .. £1 15s. 6d.
Best Morocco Case .. £0 10s. 6d.



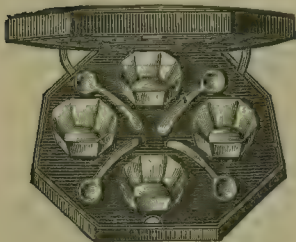
Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter-Shells and Knives to
match. In Morocco Case, £4 13s. One Shell and Knife,
in Case, £2 10s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs,
in best Morocco Case, £2 15s.
Best Electro, £1 11s. 6d.



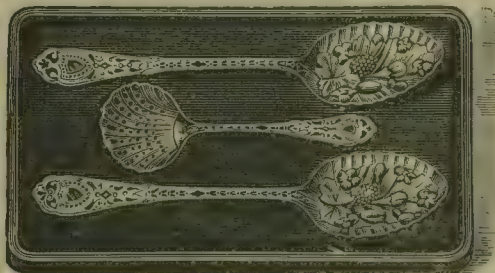
Two Solid Silver Dot Mufflers, in Case, £1 5s.



Four Electro-plated Salt Cellars and
Spoons, in Case, £1 1s.



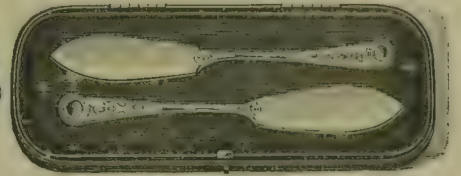
Two Crimped-edge Sterling Silver
Salts and Spoons,
in Morocco Case, £1 12s. 6d.
Four, in Case, £3.



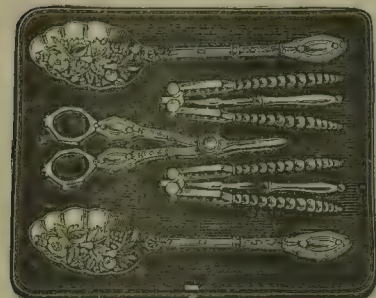
Fruit-Spoons, in Case, richly Chased, and part Gilt,
Solid Silver, Two Spoons and Sifter, £4; Two Spoons, £3.
Best Electro, Two Spoons and Sifter, £1 11s. 6d.; Two Spoons, £1 1s.



Escalloped Butter-Shell and Knife, with
Glass lining. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.
Electro-Silver, 12s. 6d.



Two Sterling Silver Butter-Knives, in Morocco Case, £1 10s.
Smaller size, £1 1s.



Two Pair Nut-Cracks and Picks, Grape Scissors,
and Two Fruit Spoons, in Morocco Case, £2 10s.



Solid Silver Napkin-Rings,
neatly engraved, £1 5s.
Complete in Case.
Monograms engraved to order,
2s. 6d. the pair.



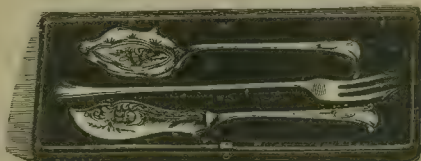
Solid Silver Cigarette-Box, lined Cedar.
To hold 50, £4 10s.; to hold 75, £5; to hold 100, £6 6s.



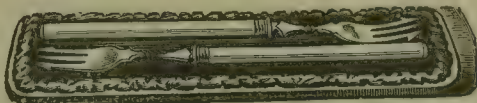
Fluted Coffee-Pot, with Ebony Handle.
1 pint. 14 pints.
Solid Silver .. £9 0 .. £10 10
Best Electro .. £3 10 .. 4 0



Regd. "Princess" Sugar-Bowl
and Tongs.
Solid Silver, £1 15s.
Best Electro-plate, 10s. 6d.



Jam-Spoon, Pickle-Fork, and Butter-Knife, in Case,
Best Electro, 15s.; Solid Silver, £2 8s.



Pair of Pickle-Forks, Ivory Handles,
in Case, Sterling Silver, £1 3s.; Best Electro, 15s.

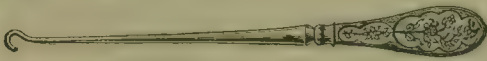
ILLUSTRATED XMAS LIST POST-FREE. (Illustrations)



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons,
and Mufflers, in Morocco Case, £2.



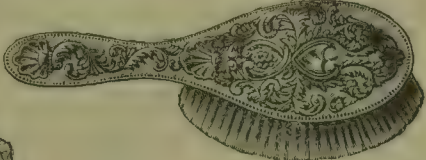
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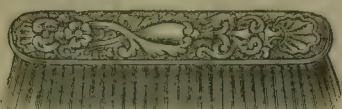
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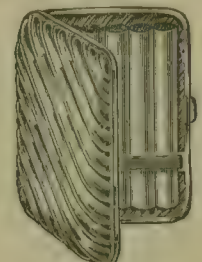
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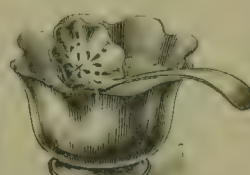
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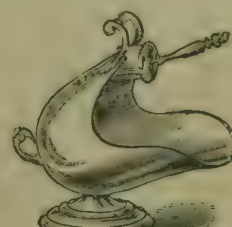
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London shops are full of more or less expensive trifles and novelties designed for Christmas and New-Year's presents. There is endless variety in style and in price. According to your means and generosity you may select from one and the same shop-window either a diamond tiara in shape and brilliancy like to the rays of the half-set Southern sun—or a little flat case of metal, looking like a sovereign purse, but really being a pocket receptacle for face-powder and puff. The one will cost you a thousand and fifty pounds, the other is only a shilling; but the same shopman will sell you either—or both. In another place, the humble sixpence may be employed to purchase a handkerchief of cambric shaped like a vine-leaf and having the edges outlined with coloured thread in machine button-hole stitch—or you may buy a founce of old point lace rarer than, and as costly as, a parure of precious stones. Or for yet another illustration, see in this fancy shop-window how the three-and-sixpenny feather fan, made from short ostrich tips and goose-wing plumes, modestly hides in a corner behind the same plate-glass where the splendid "lyre" fan of fine ostrich feathers at five guineas occupies the post of honour. So there is no difficulty in suiting the purse. Giving presents has many other difficulties about it, however, besides that of finding an article of the price that one can afford. It is hard to choose what is wanted and what is suitable: it is hard to select from amidst the wide possibilities open something that shall not hurt the recipient as being either too cheap ("What a mean gift!") or too costly ("What a slur on my poverty! What purse-pride!"); and it is hard to know how a particular present will fit in with the possessions that the recipient already enjoys. Never mind! Gifts grease the wheels of life. It is so sweet to be thought of, so pleasant to be valued, that for one churl who so receives a gift that you would wish you had not offered it did you know his reflections and words about it, there will surely be many whose hearts will be warmed and whose thoughts will be made more genial by the receipt of a token of your friendly remembrance.

There are some things which it is scarcely possible to go wrong in giving, and others, on the precise contrary, with which it is difficult to go right. In the last category come bonnets—the becomingness and style of which are matters so much of individual taste that it is almost sure to be a blunder for another person to buy one without consulting the intended wearer. Books, again, unless the tastes or wants are specifically known, are very likely to disappoint. In jewellery, on the other hand, it is easy to please. A white or a black fan can hardly fail to be acceptable. A novel nick-nack for the

drawing-room, or for table decoration, will give pleasure to the mistress of a house; while gloves or lace will always be welcome to a young woman, if given by anybody in a position to justify such personal tributes.

It is a far harder task for a lady to find nice presents to give a gentleman than vice-versa. Woolwork slippers and embroidered smoking-caps are *racoon*. In the shops there seems to be hardly anything for masculine tastes but apparatus for smoking: an odious and selfish practice to which, happily, not quite all men are given! For those who are, there are silver match-boxes, silver cigarette-cases, canes which open at the top to take in a cigar and a few matches, pipe-cases in wood made like a five-barred gate with a rack for the pipes hanging from the top bar, billiard-balls fixed three on a stand and pierced for cigarettes, matches, and ash respectively. A letter-wallet, for carrying in the breast pocket, whether made in plain morocco or in crocodile leather, with silver corners, is not a bad present. Paper-knives and ink-bottles are made in bewildering variety; but one such object lasts a lifetime, and others are superfluous. Photograph-cases and even pincushions might sometimes not be despised, and, of course, there are various articles of jewellery available. But when all is thought of, presents for gentlemen are difficult to find compared with the abundance of choice that there is in gifts for us.

Well, after all, theirs is the present-making sex, and ours the present-receiving one! We make a present of ourselves and our domestic care and service, but we receive material return, as a rule; and oh! there are heaps of pretty things that can be given to women—quite an embarrassment of choice. New fans are prominent for prettiness and novelty. What are described as Empire fans do not close. They are stiff constructions, either of gauze drawn over wire in an oval shape, painted, or nearly covered with beautifully-made artificial flowers; or they are of feathers. In feather fans there is great variety, some closing in the ordinary manner, while others in numerous shapes and sizes remain open. One variety has three great ostrich feathers arranged like Prince of Wales's plumes, the centre one being eighteen inches long. Another looks fuller with six ostrich feathers fronted by a cluster of marabout and an aigrette of osprey. The narrower "lyre" shape is now to be had in shaded feathers to match any gown, as well as in the familiar black, white, and grey. All these fans have their short, stiff handles tied with long loops and ends of moiré ribbon, or of tulle, in colour to match the dress, and serving not only for smartness, but also to hang the fan by upon the wrist. Then there are novel gauze fans. One is cut into the shape of a butterfly, the thick body affixed to the stick handle down the centre, the transparent

wings spread out and coloured in delicate tints. Another kind of gauze fan is shaped and painted to imitate a group of three enlarged flowers, natural in colour and as far as may be in form—one in the centre, and one on either hand: pale yellow sunflowers, mauve and purple pansies, delicate grey and yellow irises, and pale pink and white chrysanthemums are the several flowers that I have seen thus imitated, with white, grey, and gold sticks respectively, and long streamers of moiré ribbon to match. Leaf-fans are made in strong *crêpe de Chine*; the entire fan (somewhat more narrow than the usual size of a closing fan) gives the shape of the leaf, and the several points (a horse-chestnut or other serrated leaf being always chosen) are represented at the tips of the successive sticks; the colour is either plain olive-green or the beautiful variety of tints of fading foliage which combine with so many colours in gowns.

In jewellery, too, there is novelty. No doubt, as was said at the recent Art Congress—"Fashion is change, but it is not progress"; the ideas involved in the two words are by no means the same. But variety is the spice of existence, and that which is new has a charm, irrespective of whether it is more or less artistic than the old. A diamond brooch made like a big hook and eye may not be as graceful as one resembling a swallow in full flight; a diamond frog is decidedly less elegant than a star; and a bird's merry-thought has less poetic associations than a crescent—but crescents, stars, and swallows are commonplace; the other objects are novelties in form for diamond ornaments. Other new ideas for brooches are a parrot with coloured enamel body and diamond head and claws; a fly with chrysolite head, naere body, and diamond wings; a diamond chicken on a gold bar contemplating a broken egg-shell in white enamel; a pretty face carved in moonstone with poke bonnet in diamonds; a golden spray of mistletoe, with pearl berries; and enamel imitations of pansies, forget-me-nots, or violets, each flower with a tiny diamond dew-drop in its midst. The new short chains for watches, which I have previously described, would be acceptable to many women, as the longer watch-guards which we all possess are quite unwearable at present. The revival of Directoire and Moyen-Age fashions has brought in again the use of châtélaines, which are now to be seen in every large jeweller's shop. Pencils, scent-bottles, and even tiny note-books are now placed, as watches have for some time been, in the centre of bangles. In short, the variety of pretty things at command, as I commenced by saying, is infinite. The *Lady's Pictorial* for Dec. 8 is full of illustrations of such things. It is a special Christmas-present number, and should be consulted by anybody living too far away to see for themselves the bright and interesting shop-windows which I have been studying.

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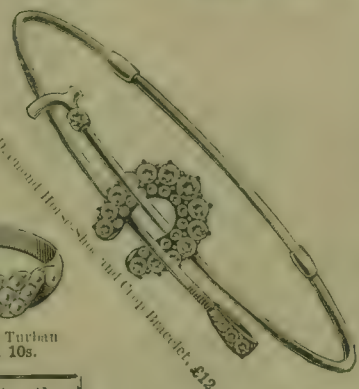
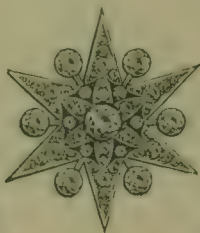
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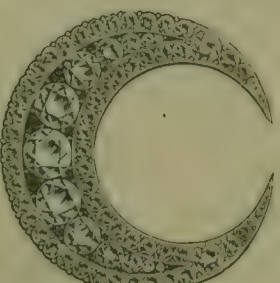
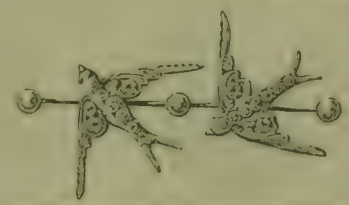
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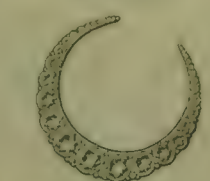
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M I R E I L L E .
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Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 15th—Saturday, 19th.
PHILEMON ET BAUDOUIN.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 22nd—Saturday, 26th.
L E C A I D .
M. de la Sane, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Bertin, Degraive, Bouland.

Tuesday, 29th.
M I G N O N .
Mesdames Sane, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

FEBRUARY.

Saturday, 2nd.
M I G N O N .
Mesdames Sane, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.
F A U S T .
Mesdames Fides-Devries, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
L E S P E C H E U R S D E P E R L E S .
Madame Fides-Devries;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
R I G O L E T T O .
Mesdames Fides-Devries, Bouland;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 26th.
L E S D R A G O N S D E V I L L A R S .
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

MARCH.

Saturday, 2nd.
L E S D R A G O N S D E V I L L A R S .
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Thursday, 7th—Saturday, 9th.
C A R M E N .
Mesdames Deschamps, Vaillant-Couturier, Soulaïroix;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
M A N O N .
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degraive.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
R O M E O E T J U L I E T T E .
Mademoiselle Simonnet;
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Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.
L E R O I D Y S .
Mesdames Deschamps, Simonnet;
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There will be a divertissement by the CORPS DE BALLET

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Monday, Dec. 31, Prix Moncorgé. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs.

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1889, Prix Gayoli. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.

Tuesday, Jan. 8, Prix Grosfield. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.

Thursday, Jan. 10, Prix Sention. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.

Saturday, Jan. 12, Prix Saint-Trivier. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.

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Jan. 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, and 26.

Monday, Jan. 14, Grande Poule d'Essai. 3000 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.

Wednesday, Jan. 16, Prix d'Ouverture. An object of art and 3000 francs added to 100 francs entrance.

Friday, Jan. 18, and Saturday, Jan. 19, Grand Prix du Casino. An object of art and 2000 francs added to 200 francs entrance.

Monday, Jan. 21, Prix de Monte Carlo. An object of art and 3000 francs added to 100 francs entrance.

Wednesday, Jan. 23, Prix de Consolation. An object of art and 1000 francs.

Friday, Jan. 25; Saturday, Jan. 26; and Monday, Jan. 28.

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Thursday, March 7, and Friday, 8. An object of art and 2000 francs added to 100 francs entrance.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 13, 1888) of Mr. Robert Hampson, late of Enville House, Bowden, Cheshire, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Oct. 1, at the Chester District Registry, by Richard Hampson Joynson, Edward Walter Joynson, and Richard Clifford Smith, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £146,000. The testator gives £5000 to Miss Augusta Van Voigt; £1000 each to the children of Mrs. Emily Gaddum, Richard Hampson Joynson, and Edward Walter Joynson; £7000 to Miss Edith Mary Barratt; £2000 each to Richard Clifford Smith and Edward Walter Joynson; £500 to the Manchester City Mission; £200 to the church at Aberfoyle, Perthshire; £2000, upon trust, in aid of the stipend of the minister there; all his interest in the house, lands, farms, and shooting at Aberfoyle to his sister, Mrs. Mary Jane Smith; and other legacies to relatives and servants. He gives and devises Enville House, with the lands and premises adjoining, the furniture and effects therein, and his land in Canada, to Richard Hampson Joynson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between John Hampson Jones, Emily Mary Smith, Marion Beatrice Smith, Henry Theodore Gaddum, the Rev. Robert Trousdale, Richard Hampson Joynson, Edward Walter Joynson, and Richard Clifford Smith, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 7, 1883) of Mr. Emanuel Boucher, late of No. 36, Hyde Park-gardens, and Grateley House, Grateley, Southampton, a member of the firm of Boucher, Mortimore, and Co., of Bermondsey and Liverpool, who died on Sept. 14 on board his steam-yacht Fiona, was proved on Nov. 30 by Mrs. Emily Isabella Boucher, the widow, William Emanuel Boucher, the son, Foster Mortimore, and Alfred William Lafane, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £91,000. The testator after directing that he is to be buried in wicker or some other material that will not arrest decay, gives his land in America, all the money in his house, at his banker's, and due to his estate from his partnership business, to his wife and five children, as tenants in common; numerous specific bequests of stocks and shares in companies to his children; £500 each to Foster Mortimore and Alfred William Lafane, and all his cigars between them and his son Emanuel. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife and son, William Emanuel, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 2, 1881), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1883), of Mr. William Rivington, late of No. 39, Phillimore-

gardens, Kensington, who died on Nov. 12; was proved on Dec. 1, by Mrs. Jane Rivington, the widow, the Rev. Thurston Rivington, the son, and Charles Robert Rivington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £79,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Incorporated Church Building Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £200 to the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates; £500 and all his household furniture, plate, &c., to his wife, and legacies to his nieces. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the annual sum of £1740 to his wife for life, and the remainder of the income to his five children, William John, Thurston, Sophia, Mrs. Dorothy Leach, and Mrs. Alice Brewster. On the decease of his wife, he gives £8000 each to his daughters, Sophia, Mrs. Dorothy Leach, and Mrs. Alice Brewster; £12,000 to his son Thurston, and devises his freehold land and houses in St. John's-square, Clerkenwell, to his sons, Thurston and William John. The ultimate residue he leaves to his said three daughters, his son Thurston, and his daughter Mrs. Susan Jane Chappell, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 17, 1888) of John Ashworth, late of Ollerton, near Bolton, Lancashire, cotton spinner, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Nov. 14 by Mrs. Mary Jane Ashworth, the widow, Walter Ashworth, the son, and William Keyan, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate exceeding £59,000. The testator, after stating that his wife is well provided for and giving her the use of his furniture, for life, leaves all his property between his children, his executors having the option of carrying on his mills or selling them at once.

The will (dated April 16, 1883) of Mr. William Baker, late of No. 43, Warrior-square, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Dec. 1 by Mrs. Catherine Baker, the widow, Frederick Arnold Baker, Percival Alleyn Nairne, and Walter John Frederick Tomlinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £35,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and all his furniture, plate, carriages, horses, wines, and consumable stores to his wife; and £200 each to Frederick Arnold Baker, his brother George Baker, Mrs. Rowsell, Cecilia Tomlinson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nairne. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease he gives £6000 to Frederick Arnold Baker; £1000 each to his nieces, Maria Lance, Ida Tomlinson, Edith Tomlinson, and Elizabeth

Tomlinson; £400 to Percival Alleyn Nairne; £500 each to Walter John Frederick Tomlinson and his brother George Baker; £100 to the Middlesex Hospital; and numerous other legacies to his relatives. The ultimate residue he leaves to his nephew, Frederick Arnold Baker.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1882) of Frederick Gunton, late of the city of Chester, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 23 at the District Registry of Chester, by the Rev. Frederick Gunton and the Rev. Charles Forster Gunton, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator gives his consumable stores and wines, and the use, for life, of his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Julia Gunton; and certain gifts of silver plate to his three sons, with a wish that they will keep them in the family. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death between his children—viz., Frederick, Charles Forster, Thomas Octavius, Lucy Amelia, Elizabeth Julia, and Edith Emma, in equal shares.

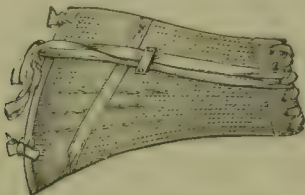
The will (dated Feb. 7, 1887), of Mr. Thomas Mashiter, late of "Priests," near Romford, Essex, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Nov. 29, by Miss Julia Mashiter, the sister, the Rev. Robert Helme, and John Nesbitt Malleon, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to John Nesbitt Malleon, £300 to the Rev. Robert Helme, £250 to Peter Reynolds, and legacies to servants and others. He devises his real estate, upon trust, for his sister Julia Mashiter, for life, with remainder to Robert Helme, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, for life, and at her death it is to be invested in freehold property, and then to follow the trusts of his real estate.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Mr. William J. O'Donnell to be High Sheriff of Limerick for the ensuing year. The Corporation had selected three names—that of Mr. William O'Brien being placed first, Mr. Dillon next, and Mr. O'Donnell third on the list.

At a general meeting of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists the following artists were elected members:—Sir J. E. Millais, Hon. R. W. Allan, R.W.S., W. Follen Bishop, F. Bourdillon, F. Bramley, E. F. Brewtnall, J. M. Bromley, Percy Craft, Ed. Harris, A. Hartley, E. Blair Leighton, W. S. Llewellyn, J. M. McIntosh, Frank Short, W. Christian Symons, Percy Thomas, Frank Walton, R.I., and Hugh Wilkinson.

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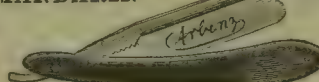
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
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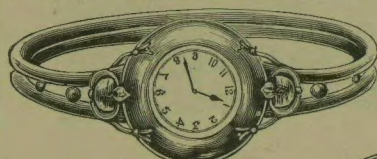
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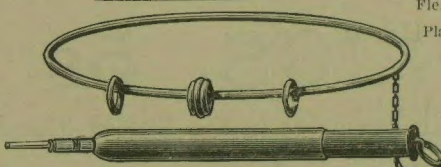


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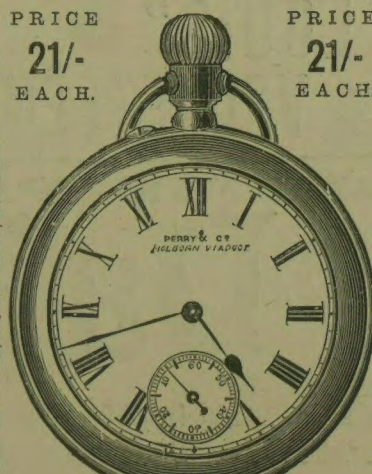
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MUSIC.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts entered on a new season—again at St. James's Hall, and conducted by Dr. Mackenzie—on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, Dr. C. Hubert Parry's "Judith" having been the work performed. It was originally produced, with much success, at the Birmingham Festival in August last, on which occasion we spoke in detail of its merits and characteristics. There is no need now to repeat opinions that were given so recently. At the London performance referred to (which took place too late for comment until now) the solo vocalists were:—Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Plunket Greene; the first three of whom were associated with the original Birmingham performance. That at St. James's Hall was a very effective one, especially in the choral details; the several choruses of priests, people, Assyrians, and others having well realised the dramatic intention of the composer. The three principal soloists again gave the declamatory music assigned to the respective characters with appreciative feeling; Mr. Lloyd's solos having been especially successful—particularly that beginning "God breaketh the battle." Mr. Greene possesses a good baritone voice, which he occasionally used somewhat too strenuously. The performance was ably conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, and the composer was called forward by an enthusiastic audience.

Madame Patti's concert at the Albert Hall on Dec. 11 calls for no detailed notice, the performance not differing in any material sense from its numerous predecessors.

The first of three vocal and pianoforte recitals by Herr Max Heinrich and Mr. E. Moor was given at Steinway Hall on Dec. 7, when the artistic singing of the first-named gentleman was agreeably varied by the skilful playing of the other.

Mr. J. A. St. O. Dykes's pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on Dec. 7 displayed good taste in a varied and well-selected programme, and high executive ability in the rendering thereof.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will be suspended after Dec. 15 for the usual Christmas and New-Year's recess. The concert of Dec. 8 included skilful violin

performances by M. Marsick, who was heard in Wieniawski's second concerto, and shorter solo pieces. A quasi-novelty at the concert was Sir A. Sullivan's pleasing overture to "The Yeomen of the Guard." Mdlle. Trebelli was the vocalist of the day, other features calling for no specific comment.

At the Monday evening Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 10, Herr Straus—as on other recent occasions—replaced, with his well-known ready skill, Madame Néruda as leading violinist. A pleasing "Spanish Lullaby," by Mr. G. F. Cobb, was brought forward, the singer having been Mr. Thorndike. The piece was enhanced by the violoncello obbligato assigned to Signor Piatti. Madame Essipoff was the solo pianist of the evening.

The fourth evening performance of the present series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, took place on Dec. 11, when the programme contained no novelty calling for special comment. A feature of the concert was the brilliant performance, by Madame Essipoff, of M. Saint-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall—now in their twenty-third season—are continuing their successful career. The most recent concert was a morning performance, the programme of which was of an attractive popular nature, and included the co-operation of some distinguished artists, vocal and instrumental.

At the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, selections from Gounod's "Faust" were given recently, with capable artists as principals, and illustrated by a series of tableaux. The "Lily of Killarney," presented in the same way, was promised for Dec. 20.

The second of Herr Waldemar Meyer's grand orchestral concerts; the second Heckmann quartet concert; and the last of Madame Essipoff's pianoforte recitals must be spoken of hereafter.

A concert was given at the Eyre Arms Assembly-rooms on Dec. 13 the programme containing some good names; and the forty-ninth performance of the Musical Artists' Society (of which

the Duke of Beaufort is the president) has been announced to be given, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday evening, Dec. 15.

At a meeting of the guarantors of the Leeds Festival for 1889, held recently, the hon. secretary, Mr. Alderman Spark, stated that Brahms had regretfully declined to compose a new work on account of his nervous condition; that Dr. Parry had promised to set music to Pope's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day"; that Mr. F. Corder would produce a dramatic cantata, "The Sword of Argantyr," founded on a Scandinavian legend; that Dr. Creser would furnish a short cantata, "Freia, Goddess of Spring"; and that Sir Arthur Sullivan would compose a piece the nature of which is not yet specified.

The Royal Choral Society announces that Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15; the artists being Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henry Pope, and Mr. Henschel; Mr. Barnby will conduct. There will be a band and chorus of one thousand.

On the evening of Dec. 12 the Bishop of London preached the annual sermon to young men of the diocese, at a special service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The honorary freedom and livery of the Company of Turners of London has been conferred upon David Kirkaldy, M. Inst. C.E., and member of the Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, in recognition of his valuable services to metallurgists, turners, and all branches of engineering by his system, machinery, and inventions for testing the strength and other properties of every variety of material used in the constructive arts.

DEATH.

On Nov. 16, at her residence, Rose Hill, Bowdon, Cheshire, Margaret Bower, eldest daughter of the late Major Bower, of High Grove, Cheshire, formerly of "The Buck," near Liverpool.

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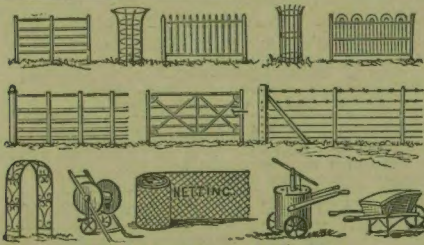
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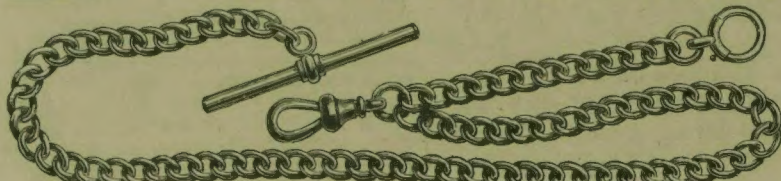
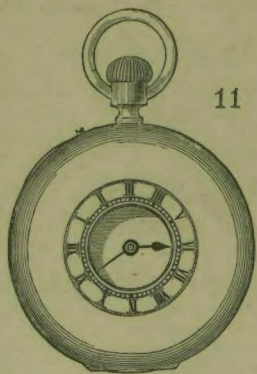
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